

THE NEW YORK MONTHLY ▶ MAY \$2.50

SPY

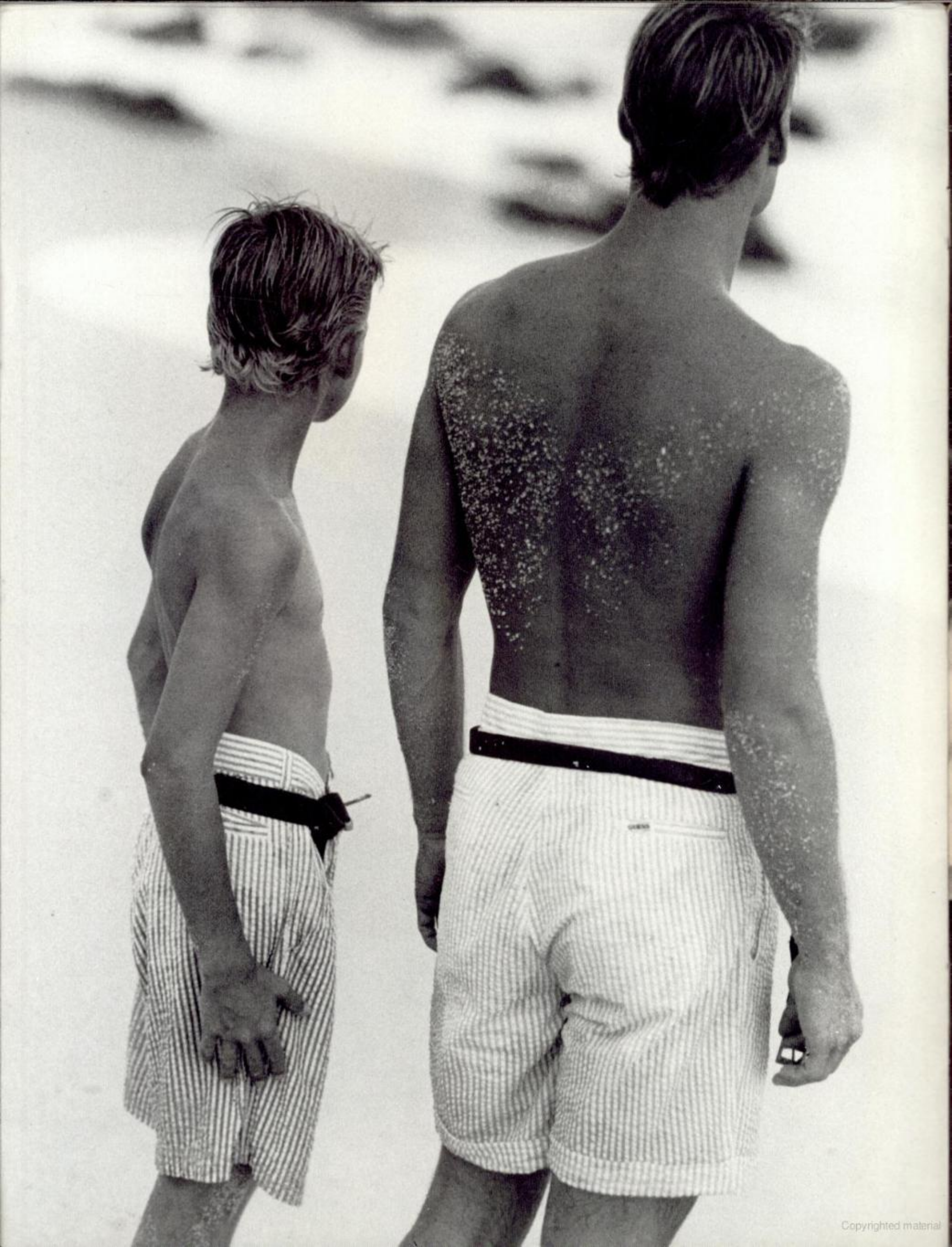
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Nazi Hunt!

**EXCLUSIVE:
THE NEW YORK POST'S
SCREWBALL SEARCH
FOR HITLER'S ANGEL
OF DEATH**

ALSO: SNL BACKSTAGE • DUMB RICH COLLEGES





*georges
marciano*

This One



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NAKED CITY

Pretenders Andy Stein and Chrissie Hynde reveal the truth about themselves; the Nancy Reagan-Betsy Bloomingdale correspondence continues; and the bad guys gain ground in SPY's Wall Street Scorecard. Plus the Ishtar ombudsman, Boesky's motorcade and Gandhi at The New Yorker. 10



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BY ROY BLOUNT JR. 74



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CHERYL KORALIK

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cards for Air Force Two, George Bush's official jet.



MAYDAY! MAYDAY! THE PRESIDENT IS TURNING COCKY AGAIN, TRYING TO JOSH AND WINK HIS WAY THROUGH his final days. We'd figured he might resort

to this—smile and lie, smile and lie—and the only solution may be to respond as we did in childhood: cover our ears with our hands as we shout sing-song nonsense sounds. And he's so fakey: for two days running, Reagan pretended he had laryngitis in order to avoid answering reporters' questions, grinning all the while. Lie and smile, lie and smile. Then he had his first unscripted way, way before Cary



Mayday!

people," Reagan said at the press conference, smiling. "I'll leave that to others."

meeting with reporters since Grant, Desi Arnaz, Liberace, Andy Warhol, David Susskind, James Coco and Danny Kaye died. "I'm not going to tell falsehoods to the American

Like Mike Deaver, for instance. But those were the good old days. Does the president have any top aides left who are good, natural liars? It will be hard to find grovelers and dissemblers the caliber of Deaver, who

has now been indicted for perjury (for lying to Congress about his lobby-

Mayday!

ing activities on behalf of foreign governments; imagine: risking prison for the sake of Canadian fishing rights).

You could soak Ronald Reagan in brine for 20 years and deprive him of sun and sex, and still you wouldn't have Ed Koch. Ed Koch wishes he were more like Reagan—wishes he were a smooth, natural TV performer. But he is not. He is mock jolly; a wanker. As he has been demonstrating on his new Sunday-morning TV show. On the first program the Benjamin Ward, his intensioned police Koch pretended that (Lie and smile, lie on Channel 5, which Rupert Murdoch. It's



mayor interviewed boozy, well-commissioner, and he liked Ward. and smile.) Koch is is owned by unseemly enough,

conflict-of-interest-wise, that the mayor and Murdoch are so buddy-buddy, but what's really disturbing is that they canceled *Danger Mouse* to make room for the mayor's show. Thank heavens we live in a free-market TV world, where at

The Air Force spends \$189



9:00 we can switch the channel and watch Oral Roberts, *Schlott's Sunday Showcase of Homes* or *Inhumanoids* instead.

Speaking of vile cartoon shows, *He-Man* and *She-Ra* have lost half their audiences over the last year or so—more happy evidence that the 1980s are over and that some new epoch, still dimly perceived, is due. *He-Man* and *She-Ra*, however, are fortunate: the lucrative licensing fees they generate through the sale of *He-Man* and *She-Ra* toys guarantee that they will not be summarily exiled from television. Unfortunately for Ike Pappas and the other 13 sacked CBS News correspondents, nobody has licensed their toy rights. But they'll do okay: in fact, *they're lucky*. "A lot of these people are lucky to be laid off right now," explained Laurence Tisch, the churlish dwarf billionaire who controls CBS. (Lie and smile, lie and smile.) They're lucky "because there are other jobs available in broadcasting."

There are, for instance, the very lucrative jobs held until a few weeks ago by fornicating evangelist Jim Bakker and his cosmetics-mad, drug-dependent wife, Tammy, the *He-Man* and *She-Ra* of religious television. Their sudden departure

from television proved that merely *looking* like toys is no guarantee of staying on the air these days.

This new generation of toy users, according to a Roper poll of Americans 8 to 17, are clotheshorses more than they are patriots. According to the poll, 85 percent of these little strangers born during the 1970s say the clothes they wear make them "feel good," while "singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner'" makes only 59 percent of them "feel good." The Ronald Reagan Era may be finished, but the Age of Nancy endures.

Despite all the whimpering in Washington, though, the New Right is still flopping around dangerously. In Alabama a federal district judge named W. Brevard Hand banned 44 textbooks from Alabama schools because, he said, they espoused the well-known religion of antireligion—secular humanism. Since our full name is SPY: THE NEW YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF SECULAR HUMANISM, we take this judicial attack rather personally. On the other hand, the sixties-revival aspect is pleasant: having a powerful Alabama bigot to fear and loathe feels familiar and good.

We loathe but no longer fear Boyd L. Jefferies, the newest of the big-time funny-money outlaws brought to justice. On the day that Jefferies neither admitted nor denied civil charges but agreed to certain penalties, the Dow-Jones average jumped up 12.64 points. It was just last month in this space, we feel obliged to remind you, that SPY revealed its ground-breaking theory that each Wall Street apprehension sends the Dow up 13 points. So: always trust us.

All in all, then, it's been kind of a good-news season. Fewer pedestrians were killed on this city's streets during 1986 than during any year since 1912—just 271 New Yorkers mowed down by cars and trucks, dozens fewer than the year before. "Pedestrian deaths are not necessary," the city Transportation commissioner announced. (Now he tells us.) And finally, astronomers have discovered that clouds of diamond dust are sprinkled throughout the universe, sparkling in the void. It's, like, you know, really *amazing*, you know? Just as we've always said: the sequel to the sixties will be starting momentarily, and the special effects will be splendid. ☺



Hawaii 5-0

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A musical puzzle from the people who bring you a magical solution.

ACROSS

- 1 Places, to lawyers
- 5 There --- 26 softball fields in Central Park
- 8 Cupid
- 12 Girder shaped like a letter
- 16 Horatian creation
- 18 Dancer Alexander
- 19 Wan
- 20 Chevrotrain
- 21 Like a Met production
- 23 Classic new condominium at Lincoln Center
- 25 Exclude
- 26 Bookish
- 27 Traffic-light mechanisms
- 28 No longer new
- 30 Harlem
- 31 N.Y.C. gambling initials
- 32 Obliteration
- 34 Upbeats, to Mehta
- 38 Puma
- 42 Famed Egyptian mummy
- 43 Elizabethan dramatist
- 44 Leblanc's --- Lupin
- 45 Cio-Cio-san, e.g.
- 48 British sovereign: 10th C
- 49 Song for Sutherland
- 50 Scrap for Fido
- 51 Wallet fillers
- 53 Zoo animal
- 54 All of 23 Across's apartments --- washers and dryers
- 56 Shank
- 58 Cinch
- 59 Put on a happy face
- 60 Lincoln Center's --- was 28 in 1986
- 61 Republic south of Libya
- 62 King topper
- 63 Footnote abbreviation
- 65 Pavarotti or Domingo
- 67 Writer Jon Dos ---
- 69 Voracious S.A. fish
- 72 Habituate
- 73 Big Board initials
- 74 Oriental greeting
- 75 A sauna and --- room are located in 23 Across
- 76 Singer-actress Elaine
- 80 Gypsy's horse
- 81 Buildings like 23 Across are called ---
- 83 Fronton cheers
- 85 Alger's "--- the Fiddler"
- 86 Explode
- 89 Choral response in a church service
- 91 Ezio Pinza was one
- 93 Verdi opus: 1867
- 95 Soprano Grist
- 96 Place for a chapeau
- 97 Residents of 23 Across swim --- 75-foot-long indoor pool
- 98 Girl in an office pool
- 99 Exec's note
- 100 Gaelic
- 101 The famous Cafe --- Artists is near 23 Across
- 102 Prop in "Hansel und Gretel"
- 103 Famous hotel chain owned and operated by the developers of the Alfred Condominiums

DOWN

- 1 Rebel in "The Emperor Jones"
- 2 Telephone co. employee
- 3 Site of famous boutiques near 23 Across
- 4 Baryshnikov and Nureyev, to balletomanes
- 5 Stimulate
- 6 Carpenter's plane
- 7 Asner and McMahon
- 8 Quick to learn
- 9 Composer Gustav ---
- 10 Liquid part of fat
- 11 Ranch in Ferber's "Giant"
- 12 Kind of lamp or film
- 13 Theda of the silents
- 14 Mimic
- 15 Crooner Vallee
- 17 Town near Arnheim
- 22 Chit
- 24 Delaware Indians
- 27 Comedienne Imogene
- 29 Librarians' devices
- 30 Pierre's interjections of disgust
- 33 Fit
- 35 Ballet Russe founder
- 36 Met mezzo-soprano Obratzova
- 37 Mosslike plant
- 39 Actor Richard from Philadelphia
- 40 Violinist Kavianian
- 41 Juilliard School is within easy --- of 23 Across
- 45 A mild cheese
- 46 Uses a whetstone
- 47 Anecdotal compilation
- 52 Homeric poems
- 54 Detests
- 55 Deputy
- 57 Knock
- 58 Renata of the Met
- 59 Revolve, as a log
- 61 Very fine violin
- 62 Italian wine district
- 64 Ewe said it
- 66 Type of music often played at Avery Fisher Hall
- 68 Letter opener
- 70 Sherrill Milnes is one
- 71 Conductor Cooper
- 76 Game dog
- 77 Sweet --- are available at Chocolates by M near 23 Across
- 78 Genus of Arctic mollusks
- 79 Certain rinses
- 82 What haste makes
- 84 Monogram of "The Ancient Mariner" poet
- 85 --- Novo, capital of Dahomey
- 86 Undergrad's pad
- 87 Fencing sword
- 88 Folk had one; so did Carter
- 90 Headland
- 92 Her mate is ruff
- 93 --- you know that 23 Across offers a view of Central Park?
- 94 Junior

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS



103
DORAL

For an answer sheet to our musical puzzle, call 956-3999 seven days a week.

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DEAR EDITORS **A**lthough I admit I was a dubious reader when I first found SPY sitting on my coffee table, discovering my appointment as a Brat Below 14th Street [December] sent me rambling through memory lane. Hate to disappoint, but my mother should receive the credit for having first affiliated "Sally" with the term *Brat* in a sentence, proving the point that Brats are not only born but also made.

I love your magazine; your articles are sarcastic, obnoxious and quite enjoyable.

Sally Randall
New York

DEAR EDITORS **W**hy do I subscribe to such a pretentious magazine? The only thing worse than the articles are the advertisements. And I won't even mention the cartoons.

Rick Simonds
New York

DEAR EDITORS **S**PY, you are terrific and truly populist, even better than the *Soho Weekly News*, which I thought was the most terrific thing to hit print when I first saw it in 1977. Though *SWN* featured many great writers giving fast, flaky and brilliant (and serious) pieces to the rest of us (I still miss Veronica Geng's movie reviews), it devolved too quickly into a bunch of self-important writers preening for one another. You, at this point, seem to be genuinely respectful of and considerate toward the reader, and to want us to like you. We appreciate that. (I know I do.) A little pandering toward sensitive, intellectual readers like myself with inferiority complexes could never hurt any magazine, as far as I can see.

Judith Newman
New York

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our magazine appears to have only one song to sing and has evidently sung it. Maybe wise-guy stuff like this is only palatable once a year, as in *Esquire*.

Gerald J. Cook
Cold Spring Harbor, New York

DEAR EDITORS **I**n the wake of the recent Oxford crew controversy, which reached national media attention (and during which a world-class recruit from California was alleged to have thrown soup at his coach), we expates living in Britain were publicly reminded by the Oxford University Boat Club president that "Americans should remember that they are guests here." Richard Stengel's "The British Art of Freeloading" [January/February] amusingly quenched our thirst for vengeance and reminded me of an incident that occurred outside a favorite night spot of yore. The son of the present duke of Marlborough marched up to the rather larger doorman holding back the crowds outside Studio 54 and [explaining his lineage] demanded entrance. The reply: "I don't care if you're the son of Duke Ellington, you gotta go back to the end of the line!"

Perhaps British tact might prove more efficacious these days at Nell's.

Dink Stover
Oxford, England

DEAR EDITORS **L**ove SPY's irreverence—but I must warn you it isn't total. Chic food is still on a pedestal ("Class Cooking," by Moira Hodgson, March). Be bolder. Make fun of truffles. (Watermelon pickles are better.)

Cindy Jones
New York

DEAR EDITORS **E**nough already. It just isn't funny, and some of it is just downright offensive.

Jeff Kobrin
New York

DEAR EDITORS **I** enjoyed your Review of Editors in SPY's March issue but worry that my letter may reach you after you have already skewered Tina Brown ["Hot Air From On High," April]. My fear is that you won't be able to use Dan Okrent's April *New England Monthly* column [in which he scrutinizes the *Vanity Fair* editor] as reference material for your Tina kabob.

Robert Nylan
Publisher, New England Monthly
Haydenville, Massachusetts

DEAR EDITORS **I** was more than a little amused by Celeste de Brunhoff's exposé on *Time*'s pub letter (among others), "Those Who Can't, Edit" [March]—particularly since I am quoted in it as the ghost-staffer behind Robert L. Miller's byline. In truth, I have not written in invisible ink for *Time* for quite a while; during the past couple of years my beat has been the People section, which I really do write myself (well, sort of, anyway). Did I say that?

Guy D. Garcia
New York

DEAR EDITORS **T**his is in reference to the March 1987 column Great Expectations. You wrote, "So: is Jack Kemp homosexual?... That's the rumor; we don't believe it, we're just reporting it, as the First Amendment requires us to do. We'd rather report only

LETTERS TO SPY

good news, but for us American newsmen and women, it's a sacred trust."

Why would Jack Kemp's being a homosexual be bad news?

Jack Carroll
New York

DEAR EDITORS **Y**our March issue gave me both indigestion and delight. They rarely coexist. I love, love, love your magazine. I don't know how you're avoiding libel suits, but keep it up.

Ellen Berkovitch
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☎

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N AKED CITY



f THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

I LOST IT ON THE BMT

Down in the bowels of the Transit Authority's headquarters in Brooklyn is the TA's Lost Property Unit. Last year something in the neighborhood of 9,171 objects were turned in by conductors, police officers and honest citizens. The Lost Property office tries to contact the owners and holds on to an object for six months in case someone claims it. In 1986 about 2,500 items were returned to their owners.

Among the items currently waiting to be claimed are an organ, a pair of skis, about 10 bicycles, 1 gas mask, 2 artificial legs, an artificial arm, 5 wigs, a pair of crutches, an ax, an Indian saber, an épée, a fuel injector, some rosary beads, approximately 15 pairs of false teeth, 7 canes, 1 Hulk Hogan doll, 1 Cabbage Patch Kid, 1 Cabbage Patch Kid Preemie, a blender, about a dozen tennis rackets, assorted basketballs, several bowling balls, a hair dryer, a sledgehammer, a garden hose, a violin, a guitar, a clarinet, a set of drums, about 15 35mm cameras, an ancient Brownie camera, about 7 beepers, dozens of Walkmans, about 20 TV sets, lots of jewelry, a 1913 Barber U.S. dime valued at \$115, a 1912 Liberty Head nickel valued at \$145, about 75 watches, a Mark Cross pen, a copy of Songs of the African Veldt and a moped.

(continued)

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



HALEVY



BEATTY

THE JERUSALEM CORRESPONDENT responsible for the *Time* magazine dispatch that prompted former Israeli defense minister Ariel Sharon's \$50 million libel suit, loose cannon David "Dudu" Halevy, was thought to have the most secure job at *Time*. Reason: firing him would have been a tacit admission of guilt by the newsweekly. But almost as soon as *Time* wriggled past the bad business with Sharon, Halevy blundered by reporting that a National Security Council staff member, Howard Teicher (who, with Bud McFarlane and Ollie North, had journeyed to Tehran to win the release of American hostages), had written a fictionalized account of Israel's nuclear secrets that had been confiscated by the Israeli military. In fact, the novel is by Eli Teicher, a Tel Aviv attorney. Eli Teicher sued for \$250,000, and *Time*, which has always prided itself on not settling cases out of court, settled the case out of court. And now SPY has learned that David Halevy has left the magazine on an extended unpaid leave—a sacking, surely, that dare not speak its name.

FORMER ACCOUNTANTS, publicists and talent agents run major motion-picture studios, so why not lawyers as film editors? From all appearances, Los Angeles entertainment lawyer Bert Fields served as editor in chief on the presumably bad *Ishtar*, which will presumably be released this month. An expert at managing giant egos, Fields represents not only the movie's director (Elaine May) but also its two stars (Dustin Hoffman and the high-domed, fur-bearing Warren Beatty). Earlier this year, when May, Hoffman and Beatty were at loggerheads while cutting the film (one production assistant witnessed May and Beatty having a fistfight in the editing room), Fields flew in from L.A. to still the violence. For a week Fields and his three tetchy clients holed up in the editing room, napped on cots, ate Chinese food and went over every inch of film, with Fields acting as arbitrator. "Elaine, Warren—why don't we go with Dusty's idea for these three seconds of film. But Dusty, on the next second and a half, maybe we should do it the way Elaine wants to." After a week each cut was accepted by consensus, and Fields flew home. But

as real editors began executing the changes, the celebrated threesome began squabbling again, and Fields had to fly back to New York for another week of mediating. As SPY went to press, the lawyer was planning a third editing trip east.

SAY, ISN'T THAT the internationally successful actor Erik Estrada over there? And isn't that his year-old son's umbilical cord in a glass locket around his neck? "My wife's family saved hers," the *CHiPs* ex-star explained eloquently. "When Anthony's fell off, it was near my birthday, so she gave it to me."

FERRET-EYED SNITCH IVAN BOESKY has three limousines to convey him from his tacky, expensive Westchester estate to his suite of expensive, tacky offices at 650 Fifth Avenue. Two-thirds of the motorcade is bogus—decoys, presumably, so that hit men, finked-on former colleagues and flower-vending Moonies won't know which one contains the disgraced arbitrageur.

THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS: Warner Bros. executives are in conference with Jerry Lewis and Joe Piscopo to discuss the sad state of a world hitherto deprived of a sequel to *The Nutty Professor*. When Lewis, who has made millions of Frenchmen laugh, quits the meeting, he neglects to take his briefcase with him. Those remaining regard the case much the way a London bobby would an unattended package; it is gingerly removed. Why? The multitasking writer-performer-director-comic genius apparently is notorious for leaving his briefcase behind at meetings and retrieving it later, and supposition has it that a tape recorder concealed within preserves whatever thoughts and feelings the assembled might have left unexpressed in Lewis's presence. (The *Son of Nutty Professor* project proceeds dangerously apace, but without the horrid Piscopo. Lewis, a devotee of the more-is-more school of comedy, will be playing two dual roles—four characters in all.)

PETER SHAPIRO, AS HANDSOME AS HE IS FISHY, has always been one of the slickest young men



BOESKY



LEWIS



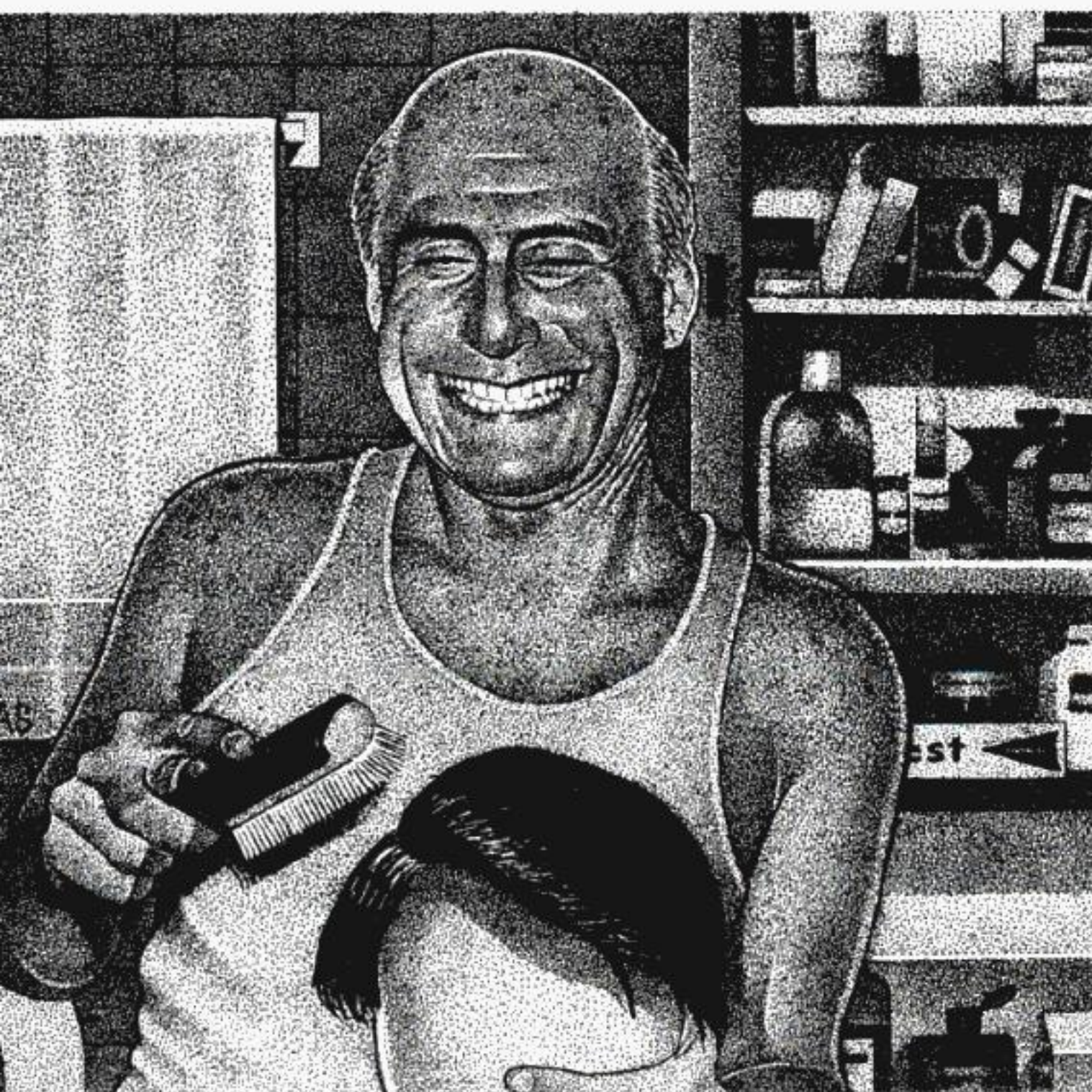
SHAWN

around, a golden-boy generational exemplar. In 1978, four years after he graduated from Harvard, he was elected executive of Essex County, New Jersey, an important office he held for two terms. Then last fall he was the state's Democratic nominee for governor—a race he lost disastrously. Now he's looking for a job, and he's torn. Shapiro, the consummate baby-boom man of the world, is faced with the exquisite baby-boom career dilemma: will he go to work for one of the several investment banks who want him (perfect for a progressive tossed out of politics a week before the Boesky scandal broke), or will he take the job as head of the Sierra Club? The man is a walking bad novel.

▼ ▼ ▼

THERE AT *THE NEW YORKER*, the wresting of power from William Shawn prompted some peculiar behavior. In one story, Shawn's longtime literary squeeze, Lillian Ross, tried to organize the staff in a charmingly nonviolent, Gandhian *shame on you* gesture—index finger stroking index finger third-grade-style, it's said—to be directed at Si Newhouse if the publisher ever dared come by the magazine (*Ready, everyone? Now... look reproachful*). Another story had guards, possibly armed, being hired to keep Shawn out of his former office (the man, remember, is 79). And finally, Shawn's request to retain an office somewhere at 25 West 43rd Street was rebuffed, causing him to begin a kind of editorship-in-exile, holding court at the Algonquin. Yes, the Algonquin. ☺

PRIVATE LIVES OF PUBLIC ENEMIES



City Council President Andy Stein begins his day with a fastidious grooming.

CALIFORNIA BEING CALIFORNIAN

"I don't plan things. I leave my creative self in a childlike state where I can always be open to wonders.... Same for Spielberg, I'd imagine. Or Walt Disney. When I walk around, I'm like a Martian.... That's how I pick up melodies.... I'll get a melody like 'Three Times a Lady' or 'Hello' and I'll think, whoa, that's so great someone must have done it. And every time someone sues [claiming that he stole the tune from them], I think, oh, this is it. Someone else did. But they didn't. I did, because of my antenna."—Los Angeles resident Lionel Richie, to the *Daily News*

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING, PART I

Each Sunday in the *Times*, tucked below a story about water use concerns somewhere in the Northeast, the week's restaurant health code violations appear. Here are relatively more complete explanations of some violations that have appeared recently in the *Times*. (Note: the violations listed here represent conditions at the time of the inspections, not those that diners will necessarily find now.)

BE BOP CAFE

28 West 8th Street
The "dishwashing area" proved to be the Be Bop's undoing. Not only were there holes in the ceiling, holes in one of the walls and live flies, but inspectors found a live mouse captured on a glue board. Also, the self-inspection record was unavailable. On the second inspection, roaches and some improperly stored equipment were found.



(continued)



NAKED CITY


f
THE FINE PRINT

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?

(continued)


L'ENDROIT

208 East 52nd Street

The first inspection revealed chef's knives stored in an unsanitary manner, leaky faucets and fresh and old mice excreta in the wine cellar. On second inspection, wine was found stored directly on the floor of the wine cellar, making cleaning and extermination difficult, and a dead mouse was found beneath the dishwasher. 

FIRST WOK

1384 First Avenue

Inspectors observed the following: chopped vegetables stored in unprotected cardboard boxes; an open bag of rice; fresh rat excreta in the basement; paint peeling from the kitchen ceiling above the stove; and a kitchen employee sneezing near food and utensils without covering her mouth. 

SINGING FOR YOUR SUPPER (THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FINE DINING, PART II)

From a contract rider for a Psychedelic Furs performance:

CATERING

The presenter is to provide and pay for the following catering. All cold drinks to be served on ICE TRAYS.

8:00 to 11:00 a.m.—

Breakfast for 18

Fried eggs and bacon, whole wheat toast and bagels, 6 litres fresh milk, 6 litres orange juice, 6 litres apple juice, 10 litres Perrier, 10 litres natural springwater, 6 packs of Winston Lights cigarettes, newspapers—USA Today and two local or national dailies (latest U.K. daily, if possible)—hot coffee available all day, PG Tips [tea] made in a TEAPOT available all day

Noon to 3:00 p.m.—

Lunch for 18 crew

Freshly made SOUP and QUICHES from fresh ingredients, mixed breads, rye and whole wheat, fresh fruit, fresh vegetable platter, fresh salad platter, NO DIPS OR PROCESSED FOOD, 36 mixed soft drinks, 1 case of beer

(continued)



William J. Casey . . .



and Eleanor Roosevelt?



Sam Donaldson . . .



and Mr. Spock?



Ivan Lendl . . .



and John Lurie?

AND WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Here's an unsettling bit of news: New York's nuclear fallout shelters are missing. They're out there somewhere—thousands of them—it's just that nobody can quite remember where. "There's supposed to be a list of locations," Larry Simonberg, in the mayor's press office, told us. "We haven't been able to find it. Nobody here has seen it." Simonberg recommended we try the New York Police Department's Office of Emergency Management.

"Yeah, there's a list," Sergeant Don Gervasi of the OEM said. "But we don't have it. We gave it to the Office of Surplus Activity. See, there was a lot of foodstuff and supplies rotting away inside these shelters, and the OSA was ordered to go in and remove it all. So we gave the list to them."

"I remember that list," said Joe Bonanno, an administrator with the OSA. "We hired out a contractor—Incentive Project—to take all the stuff out of the shelters. We gave the list to them."

"List?" Ed Davis, president of Incentive Project, asked. "No, we never got any list. Never." How, then, does Incentive Project know where the shelters are? "We don't. We just go block by block, asking people. If you see any, let us know. It'd be a big help."
—Benjamin Svetkey

THE BLOTTER



JUST WHAT ARE THE MOONLIGHTING RULES?

"People get some strange ideas about what we can do. First they say, 'How come you cops are always hitting those poor people?' Then when they're victims or they're scared, they say, 'How come you don't break his legs?' Like one afternoon I'm sitting in the squad and this woman comes in. I never seen her before in my life and she walks right up to me and she says, 'You gotta kill my husband.' And I says, 'But lady, we don't *kill* people, we just arrest them.' And she gets down on her *knees*—isn't that the truth, Mike?—right there in the *squad*! Down on her knees, and she puts her hands like this, like when she's praying, and she starts begging: 'Oh, please—you know how to do it. Please kill him for me, he's such a sonofabitch. You could do it.'"

—a Bronx detective

SPY's unofficial, highly selective account of incidents to which the New York City Police Department's specially trained rescue units responded during the five-week period ending March 20. Quotes are the police dispatchers'.

TRAFFIC REPORT

- Brooklyn—"female trying to get hit by a car"
- Queens—"car loaded with dynamite blocking the intersection"
- The Bronx—"man dressed as Rambo standing in the roadway westbound blocking traffic [on the Cross Bronx Expressway]"

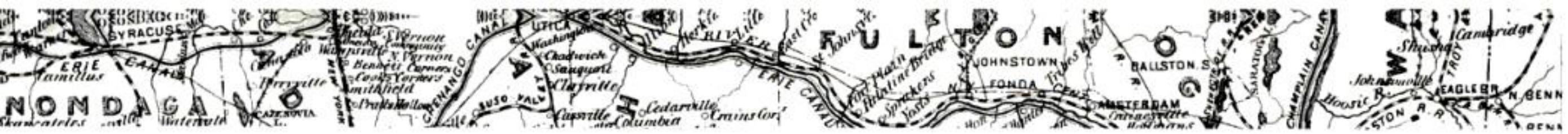
LOONS

- Brooklyn—"disorderly person with a disorderly dog, in hallway"
- Brooklyn—"an EDP [Emotionally Disturbed Person] throwing ammonia gas bombs around the apartment"

THE WILD KINGDOM

- Brooklyn—"We just got on the scene. It was a cockfight—they threw the cocks out the window and we're rounding them up"
- Manhattan—"one snake pronounced DOA on the scene [at 172nd Street and Amsterdam Avenue]"

—Ann C. Mathers



OUR REGULAR WALL STREET SCORECARD

It's always a shame when a few rotten apples spoil the fun for everyone. Sadly, because of the Boesky revelations, the public believes that Wall Street is thoroughly rotten. It simply isn't so. We prepared the lists at right to show that many ruthless capitalists *do* play fair. And if by some mischance a few more people should slip into the left-hand column by being indicted or charged with securities crimes, remember—an indictment doesn't necessarily mean these people are guilty. It just means the government and a grand jury firmly believe they are. That's all.

MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Dennis B. Levine
Drexel Burnham
Lambert Inc.
Ivan F. Boesky
Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.
Robert M. Wilkis
Lazard Frères & Company
Ira B. Sokolow
Shearson Lehman Brothers
David S. Brown
Goldman, Sachs & Company
Michael Davidoff
Ivan F. Boesky & Co. L.P.
Richard B. Wigton
Kidder, Peabody & Company
Robert M. Freeman
Goldman, Sachs & Company
Timothy L. Tabor
Kidder, Peabody & Company
Martin A. Siegel
Kidder, Peabody & Company
Nahum Vaskevitch
Merrill Lynch & Co. Inc.
Boyd L. Jefferies
Jefferies & Company

MAJOR FINANCIERS, BANKERS AND TRADERS NOT CHARGED WITH SECURITIES CRIMES

Sid Bass
Sam Belzberg
Asher Edelman
James Goldsmith
Carl Icahn
Irwin Jacobs
Fred Joseph
Carl Lindner
Lowell Milken
Michael Milken
Ronald Perelman
T. Boone Pickens
Sanford Sigoloff
Saul Steinberg

AND HE PROBABLY BELONGS TO MENSA TOO

"Todd Siler . . . works within the realms of science, art, and architecture producing mythological rationale fluctuating between ancient time and space and future time and space, a quest necessary for a both critical yet meaningful work today."

—poster for Parsons School of Design lecture



TEN SUGGESTIONS

FOR FURTHER RESEARCH

We can create life in a test tube, send a man to the moon, split an atom, make a toaster with a toasting well wide enough to toast honey buns. How far we have come from the ancients, who had to build Stonehenge in order to find out what time it was!

And yet, knowledge spawns anxiety and a yearning for more knowledge. We know more and more about less and less. In a way, we are worse off than the ancients. They knew less and less about more and more. Though our less is more than their more, they did not know this, so for them it was more, even if it is less to us.

I may be mistaken, but I do not believe that the questions that keep us up, sometimes until 3:00 a.m. or even later, could even be imagined tens of thousands of years ago. Questions like:

1. Who has the better genes, the baby of Jessica Lange and Mikhail Baryshnikov (Alexandra) or the baby of Amy Irving and Steven Spielberg (Max)?
2. How did the cat books get to be such big sellers, when no one anyone knows ever bought one and, presumably, cats are not buying them?
3. Why do some people buy regular Bufferin when they could be buying extra-strength Bufferin, which relieves headache pain faster?
4. Why do institutional coffee stirrers come in the form of flattened, pinched plastic straws?
5. Why didn't the Penguin shoot Batman and Robin when he had the chance, instead of suspending them over a vat of bubbling sulfuric acid?
6. Why don't restaurant managers just hold meetings and tell employees to wash their hands—why do they need a sign? And do employers have to wash *their* hands?
7. Why must everyone dial 9 to make an outside phone call from the office? Why not 3, or 7?
8. If you swallowed popcorn kernels immediately before you were cremated, would the kernels pop?
9. Why do they label the ON and OFF positions on light switches?
10. If there are so many different kinds of mustard, why is there only one kind of ketchup?

—Patty Marx





THE FINK PRINT

(continued)

6:00 p.m.—Dinner for 28
Menu: Friday—Fish/
Saturday—Veal or Steak/
Sunday—Roast Beef/
Monday—Fish/ Tuesday—
Chicken/ Wednesday—Italian/
Thursday—Steak
Including four vegetarian meals,
no meat or fish
Other meals with pieces of m...
or fish (NOT including
hamburgers, etc.)
Three fresh vegetables, freshly
made dessert and fresh fruit, 36
mixed GOOD beers and lager

1 hour before stage time
24 bottles/cans of good quality
mixed beer, 12 Cokes, 1 lemon
and 1 jar of honey, 4 litres
orange juice, 4 litres natural
springwater, 4 litres Perrier, 4
litres apple juice, 1 bottle
tequila, 1 bottle red wine, 4
packs Marlboro Lights cigarettes

10 minutes before show time
ICE TRAY with 4 large bottles
natural springwater, 16 cans
Heineken, 4 cans Coke, 2 litres
orange juice, 24 large plastic
cups, 6 7Ups

11:00 p.m.—on band bus
15 rounds of mixed vegetarian
and meat sandwiches, 10 lbs. ice,
24 Heineken, Carlsberg or
Löwenbräu beers

12:00 p.m.—on crew bus
25 rounds of mixed vegetarian
and meat sandwiches, 10 lbs. ice,
1 bottle BLUE SMIRNOFF, 48
Löwenbräu

From a contract rider for a
Rodney Dangerfield
performance:

DRESSING ROOMS

Purchaser to provide a clean,
private, lockable, well-lit, air-
conditioned or heated dressing
room which shall have electrical
outlets and mirrors, be in close
proximity to clean lavatory
facilities and contain a sufficient
number of chairs and a couch.
Purchaser to provide hot water
and cups for dressing room.
Purchaser shall also provide and
pay for one pint of fine-quality
Scotch. ☺

MAY DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

2 SoHo Festival;
Prince Street, from
West Broadway to
Sixth Avenue; 11:00
a.m.—7:00 p.m. Arts,
crafts, antiques,
jewelry, food, tourists.
9 Vic Damone;
Brooklyn Center for
the Performing Arts;
8:00 p.m. Vic first sang
“You’re Driving Me
Crazy” at the age of
two. Check out his
new arrangement.



10 Amsterdam Avenue
Festival; 77th to 90th
Street. A half million
people are expected,
including dozens of
Upper West Siders.
10–13 National Bath,
Bed and Linen Show;

Javits Center. A trade
show, alas.

15–22 Bronx Week.
Dance, concerts,
theater and more. On
the seventeenth, a
parade up the Grand
Concourse will be led
by whatever borough
politicians aren’t in
prison or on trial.

16 Last chance to see
“Let Them Create
Cakes!,” an exhibition
of “commemorative
cakes” sponsored by
the School of Visual
Arts; at the Master
Eagle Gallery, 40 West
25th Street. The show’s
centerpiece is a six-by-
seven-foot wooden
cake (with a built-in
staircase), out of which
the uninhibited are
invited to pop.

16–17 Ninth Avenue
International Festival;
35th to 57th Street.

Discover the meaning
of *agoraphobia* and, as
dusk approaches,
gather with loved ones
to compare methods
of removing scungilli
stains.

17–23 National
Tourism Week.
Celebrate by craning
your neck and having
your wallet stolen.

20 Elizabeth Drew,
whose *New Yorker*
pieces should be read
only under strict
medical supervision
and not while
operating heavy
machinery, will speak
at the Smithsonian’s
Baird Auditorium in
Washington, D.C.

23 City beaches open.
Dailies send
photographers to Jones
Beach for obligatory
shots of inert
lifeguards. ☺



THE LIZ SMITH TOTE BOARD

Mentioned During
March

Frank Sinatra	6
Andy Warhol	5
Elizabeth Taylor	5
Woody Allen	4
Liza Minnelli	4
Barbara Walters	4
Helen Gurley Brown	3
Cy Coleman	3
Cher	3
South Pacific	3
Kathleen Turner	3
Vanna White	3
Lee Bailey	2
Legends	2
Maxim’s	2
Charity [sic] Bono	1
Mimi Gazon [sic]	1
Iris Love	1
SPY	1

THEATER OF THE ABSURDLY PRUDISH

the Lamb’s Theatre, on West 44th Street, with
365 seats, is one of the largest (and handsomest)
Off-Broadway theaters. That the Lamb’s is in the
middle of the Theater District makes it all the
more desirable to producers. Unfortunately, the
Lamb’s is owned by the Manhattan Church of the
Nazarene, a dour fundamentalist sect that occu-
pies the same building. The church and its pastor,
Rev. Orville Jenkins, not only presume to decide
which scripts are too profane for the Lamb’s, but
have actually censored phrases and lines from
plays produced there.

The smut threshold is very low. In the comedy
Breakfast With Les and Bess, for instance, Nazarene
bowdlerizers required that the epithet “Oh,
Christ!” be changed to “Holy Moses!” Last year
the church regretted letting *Olympus On My Mind*
be produced at the Lamb’s. The show is a goofy,
old-fashioned musical comedy—a smarter *Sugar*

Babies. But after a critic called the show
“naughty,” producer Harve Brosten says, church
members “had prayer meetings praying that the
play would close,” and he was prevented from dis-
playing the reviewer’s blurb outside the theater.
“It’s sick,” Brosten says. “The Reverend Jenkins,”
he adds, “doesn’t have a mind.”

The latest rejection by the Reverend Jenkins: a
new play called *The Day Room* by the splendid
novelist Don (White Noise) DeLillo. *The Day Room*
could not be produced at the Lamb’s, according to
co-producer Jim Freyberg, because a male char-
acter, daydreaming aloud about a woman he cov-
ets, says the word *nipple*.

“The Lamb’s is not on the liberal wing,” ex-
plains Carolyn Rossi Copeland, who runs the
Lamb’s Theatre Company for the church. “I don’t
want to be a censor,” Copeland says, but “people
like to come and see Snoopy.” ☺



MAKING GOOD THE BAD AND THE UGLY

He is something like a mortician to the living, making the beautiful and the celebrated appear more nearly perfect for two-dimensional posterity. As Condé Nast's photo retoucher for 38 years, Dick Cole has improved everyone from Veruschka to Schygulla—in fact, improved almost every black-and-white photograph in *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *GQ*, *Glamour* and *Mademoiselle* with his chemicals, dyes, knives and airbrush. But he is reticent, gentlemanly. "It's almost like a doctor," Cole says, "you know, divulging..." Excerpts from Dr. Cole's case studies:

On Twiggy: "We

worked a lot on Twiggy. We'd fatten her up just to make it look presentable." Brooke Shields: "Well... she has problems with her eyebrows." Mustaches: "The lighting exaggerates [facial hair] just as a shadow from the upper lip can exaggerate things. That has to be smoothed out." Richard Avedon: "He will write general statements like 'Make beautiful.'" Hourglass figures: "Back in the days of Dior, you always trimmed them in." Hands and feet: "Some [models] are so thin, their veins start to show a lot." Bikini shots: "We might have to clean up the vital areas for slight problems, and as the bathing suits get

scantier, the more difficult it becomes. Even the best of models can have a little tummy fat hanging over the edge, which we'll firm up." Models' habits: "Some live pretty wild lives, so in the late twenties have developed certain things which you might expect to come later on." Switching heads: "Sometimes they would have a wonderful picture, but they didn't like the face on the model—just her expression might be bad, where the garment is hanging just right. I would do like a head transplant. That was done quite often, as a matter of fact. We can do pretty near anything."

—Jill Pearlman

THE ANNOTATED CHRISSIE

Vic Garbarini, interviewing the Pretenders' Chrissie Hynde in *Musician* magazine, takes a few minutes to explain her new LP, *Get Close*, to her.

VIC GARBARINI: The song "Dance!" is a mixed metaphor. Dance is generally considered as getting out of our linear minds, we're liberating ourselves. And yet the imagery here is also very dark. You're talking about politicians, people using a certain magnetism which dance symbolizes, but using it wrong, using it to screw us over. There's an interesting black-against-white tension in that. I don't know if it was intended.

CHRISSIE HYNDE: I don't think I have enough time to intend all this, y'know?

VG: You don't intend from your head. If you sat there and said, "I'm gonna organize all this, I'm gonna have these images all work," it wouldn't work that way.

CH: I'm hip.... You think this is like a coherent album that really makes sense. This is all news to me.

VG: I'll tell you what my self feels, my intuitive. I don't know if "My Baby" is about your children, but I think it probably is, more than about a lover.

CH: Uh huh.

VG: "Baby" is also the baby in yourself... new life, something being born. "When I Change My Life": This is what you really think about yourself and your outer personality: "I'm kind of an awful person, I've got these habits I shouldn't have." But there's a wish coming from underneath, from the baby, that you want to be like this. "Light Of The Moon": What is the moon? The moon is a part of yourself you need to be in touch with to complete yourself. The moon is receptive, graceful, not just female.... Then you get "Tradition Of Love," with more moon imagery here, and some religious references. I think there's a part of you that's looking for Eastern religions and finding it interesting.

CH: I've been into that for twenty years....

VG: On the second side, "Don't Get Me Wrong," "I Remember You" and "How Much Did You Get For Your Soul?" are all more looking outward; you're talking to somebody. "Chill Factor" is about an abandoned woman, but what it's really about is the abandoned woman in all of us. In "Hymn To Her" you're trying to listen to that part of yourself where all these songs come from. The reason you put "Room Full Of Mirrors" last is that the album is a room full of mirrors. The moon is the ultimate mirror; it mirrors the light of the sun.

CH: Wow, this album sounds like it really works. ☺

—Magazine; 90 min.
—Comedy
an father and son when
t Stack) comes for a visit
ted by Jerry Lewis.
; 2 hrs.
nclusion. See Tuesday at
details.
al; 1 hr., 55 min.
33) Classic musical comedy
a Broadway producer en-
ing night. Marsh: Warner
Daniels.
er.)
ASS (CC)—Comedy
Givens, Tony O'Dell)
hen the students re-
1 essay assignment.
nan. Eric: Brian Rob-
ssell. Samuels: Wil-
Tannis Vallely.
2 hrs.
Washington Bullets, aired
delay.
0 min.
Edward Koch. (Live)
YCUS
ITA—Novela
umentary (BW)
edy (BW)
ING—Comedy

close up

Proposed Movie
of the Month

9 PM **SPY**

I'M LYING AS FAST AS I CAN



Top-secret globe-trotting, diplomatic bloopers and fast-track Washington career pressures combine to put Robert C. "Bud" McFarlane (Ronny Cox) way over his head in this story of political disaster and personal failure. No sooner does McFarlane luck into the job of White House national security adviser than he plunges into foolhardy schemes involving Nicaraguan rebel Arturo Cruz Jr. (Erik Estrada). When it all becomes public, a Valium overdose nearly kills him. Fawn Hall makes her TV debut as herself. Irani prime minister: Ringo Starr. (2 hrs.)

9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
	Equalizer		News	Adderly
	Equalizer		News	Enter. Tonight (11:35)
			News	Tonight
			Late Show/Joan Rivers	
			Lightning	



THE TIMES



Max



Punch



Abe

THE SCIENCE OF THE *TIMES*

If you're anything like us, Tuesday mornings probably find you in a state of gentle befuddlement. This occurs because your copy of the *Times* (its sections usually arranged A, B, C, D) arrives in the order A, B, D, C. There is a reason for this. *Times* technology demands that the first (A) and third (C) sections in the weekday editions have exactly the same number of pages, as must the second (B) and fourth (D) sections. In other words, in terms of page length, $A = C$ and $B = D$. Except on Tuesdays. On Tuesdays, Section C (Science Times) doesn't contain sufficient advertising or editorial copy to warrant a section as thick as Section A. But the increasingly lively Section D, Business Day, does. And that's why on Tuesdays, the *Times* switches Sections C and D to produce the A, B, D, C ($A = D$, $B = C$) version of the regular A, B, C, D format. Got it?

WE HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE

This and other matters have been on the minds of *Times* planners these days as they prepare for their new printing plant, which they expect to build in the next decade. Executive editor Max Frankel has created a half dozen or so committees—called, portentously, the 1990s Committees—made up of editors and reporters. Their mission: *nothing less than to chart the future course of the paper of record*. They are headed by foreign editor Joseph Lelyveld, national-editions editor David Jones, Sunday Business editor Karen Arenson, Washington editor Craig Whitney and assistant managing editor John Lee. One option under discussion, as reported in *New York* magazine, is color for the front page. Other possibilities on the menu are a rash of new daily sections, including medicine and fitness, sports, a consumer section and quite possibly a “style” section—which, *Times* editors has-

ten to say, will be nothing like *The Washington Post's*. (This certainly comes as a relief. The last thing one expects from the *Times* is stylish and amusing profiles and columns—especially *a whole section of them*.) Reporters who have attended their committee meetings compare them to college seminars—deadly boring, in other words. Far more compelling a worry on their minds these days, in fact, is where they will be able to smoke when the city's new antismoking law goes into effect this month. (See page 42 for guidance on this nettlesome issue.)

TIME AFTER *TIMES*

Frankel's freer use of two- and three-column front-page headlines has thrown network news producers and newsweekly editors into a tizzy. The size and position of headlines in the *Times*—the most obvious indications of the relative importance that *Times* editors grant a story—have long been the benchmarks used by timid editors elsewhere to determine the relative importance they should give a story. When the *Times* changes the rules even slightly, the other major news organizations must rejigger *their* plans—even going so far as to rely on their own news instincts. *Time*, for instance, had a cover story on *Stars & Stripes* skipper Dennis Conner scheduled when, in the middle of the week it was being prepared, the *Times* ran a prominent headline announcing Gorbachev's plans to reshape the Soviet hierarchy. Within hours *Time* editors had scrapped the Conner cover and ordered up one on Gorbachev. But when, by week's end, the *Times's* follow-up coverage of the Gorbachev story had all but disappeared, *Time* dumped its cover story on the Soviet leader and went back to Conner—a fortunate decision, it turned out, since Conner won the America's Cup that Wednesday.

WE'RE TALKING BOX OFFICE, ABE

Frankel was asked to speak at a dinner for Rosenthal in Washington, but he turned the offer down. *Washington Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee spoke in his stead but was later heard joking privately that Buddy Hackett should portray Abe in the movie version of Rosenthal's life.

SCOOPER POOPER

Naughty Edwin McDowell. A day after Liz Smith broke the story that the scandalously prolific Joyce Carol Oates had extracted \$10,000 from Simon and Schuster for a fake first novel she'd written under a pseudonym, the *Times's* always predictable publishing-beat reporter ran his own version of the story under the memorable headline A SAD JOYCE CAROL OATES FORSWEARS PSEUDONYMS. Treating the story as his own, McDowell failed to mention that the news had already appeared in Liz's column. Within days a memo from Frankel circulated, notifying reporters and editors that henceforth *Times* stories would acknowledge their original appearance, even if it was in a gossip column. Remember, Ed: *you read it here first*. (Well, okay—second.)

CORRECTION

Reported in this column earlier this year was Arthur “Remember Watts!” Gelb's firmly held belief that post-Howard Beach race riots would break out in Times Square on New Year's Eve. It was mentioned that Gelb had assigned close to 100 reporters and editors to the task of covering the expected outbreak of violence. Gelb was wrong, of course. But so was this column. The number of reporters and editors assigned to the story was closer to 30.

—Huntley Haverstock



It's 10:55 p.m. and you feel like talking to someone. You pause. You know it's late and your friends all work, but *nobody* goes to bed before 11:00. You dial. After three rings, a voice answers with a sleepy "Hello?" What do you do?

IN A TIGHT SITUATION, IF YOU HAVEN'T IDENTIFIED YOURSELF, ALWAYS HANG UP.

You quickly determine that you did indeed wake your friend. Hanging up will spare you from hearing the

NEVER ADMIT YOU WERE ASLEEP.

Instead, croak out, "No, no. I was just reading the paper." Then clear your throat and say, "What time is it, anyway?" The reason for the denial is twofold: (1) the damage is done, so why make the other person feel bad; and (2) no one wants to be caught napping in The City

apartment. If, by mistake, you do answer the phone on the first ring, cover by breathlessly explaining that you were expecting a call from your agent.

NEVER START A CONVERSATION WITH "HI, IT'S ME" OR "GUESS WHO?"

In general, the people you are least likely to want to talk with are

which of two callers you like more. They both know it, too. Protocol dictates a course of action.

NEVER HANG UP ON THE FIRST PHONE PARTNER.

This rule is hard-and-fast with the following three exceptions:

1. Potential date for Friday night takes precedence over all

were afraid of missing important calls. Now that you have one, it's painfully clear that you aren't. Still, answering machines allow you to run to the store on Saturday morning without jeopardizing plans for Saturday evening. Then again, if there's a crisis at the office and you have to report immediately, you'll hear that too.

Taping a message can be traumatic. Convention holds that men can state their names while women can reveal only their phone numbers. Also, men can be "out" while women "can't

A SPY GUIDE TO NEW YORK

next day about how he couldn't get back to sleep until 2:00 a.m. Your friend may still ask suspiciously, "Did you call last night around eleven o'clock?" Respond with a lie, saying, "Eleven? No. I was comatose by then."

This same friend may turn the tables and call *you* on a Saturday morning at ten. Being a SPY reader, and therefore high-spirited and fun-loving, you were out late last night and just turned in a few hours ago. When your friend asks, "Did I wake you?" remember ...

That Never Sleeps.

Such obsessive alertness isn't always desirable, however. Go-getters who pounce on the phone before it finishes the first ring appear desperate. Better, far better, to remain cool.

NEVER ANSWER THE PHONE ON THE FIRST RING.

Waiting until the second ring can only reflect well on you. Callers will assume that you were doing something other than watching TV—entertaining a few of your many friends, say. Or maybe they'll think that you have a huge

the ones most likely to do this. The insurance agent you met at the health club is a good bet for "Hi, remember me?" Remote former classmates can be relied upon to ask, "Are you ready for a blast from the past?" In either case, a simple "No" is sufficient.

CALL WAITING

In simpler times, it was easy to put off speaking to someone you hated. "I tried to call you, but your line was busy," was an easy, classic excuse. Sadly, those days are over. Call waiting is perhaps the most invidious of the



new technological advances. That tiny click on the phone forces you to decide

other calls.

2. Long-distance callers take precedence, because it's cheaper than calling them back.

3. Anyone takes precedence over your mother, because no matter how far away she's phoning from, she'll call you back.

Let's look at the reverse situation: You're speaking with someone and *his* phone clicks. He takes the call, saying, "I'll be back in a second." You wait. And wait. Now what? Figure on 30 seconds of hold time for every year that you've known the other party. Once the allotted time has run out, hang up.

ANSWERING MACHINES

You got an answering machine because you

come to the phone right now." These differences are a function of the female's sensitivity to the "psychopathic caller/killer" syndrome.

ANSWERING MACHINE INSTRUCTIONS SHOULD BE KEPT SHORT.

When answering machines first became popular, it was necessary to explain the rudiments of this new technology. Unless the caller is from Eastern Europe, or Inwood, that's no longer necessary. Still, some



make you sophisticated, nor do the Talking Heads make you cool. Plus, given the quality of the average answering machine tape's reproduction, a flute sonata will sound like a kazoo.

When leaving a message, remember to ignore any silly requests (e.g., "Leave your name, number and favorite movie"). Always play it straight. If you're someone who hates to leave messages, learn how many rings you are allotted by each friend. Hang up before the machine answers and save yourself a toll—unless you're calling long-distance. In that case, leaving a message is a good investment. Instruct your friend to call you back. When he does, catch up on old times and pour your heart

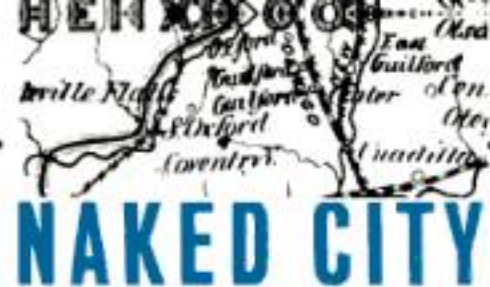
NEVER RUN THE SAME CUTE—AND SUPPOSEDLY FUNNY—MESSAGE FOR WEEKS ON END.

TELEPHONE ETIQUETTE

The first time someone hears you barking like a dog, it's funny. The fourteenth time, it's not. As a general rule of thumb, SPY suggests that you change your message as often as you order in Chinese food.

NEVER PLAY MUSIC IN THE BACKGROUND WHILE TAPING.

Strains of fuzzy Mozart in the background do not



unintelligible uproar.

SPEAKERPHONES ARE ALWAYS RUDE, WHICH IS WHY ONLY LAWYERS MAY USE THEM.

Like all rules, this has an exception. Speakerphone use is allowed, and even encouraged, when making a reservation on any airline during a holiday weekend. That way, you can clean your apartment, do the laundry and maybe even cook dinner while



out for hours.

SPEAKERPHONE

Speakerphone users fall into three annoying categories: (1) people who fail to inform you at the start of the conversation that they have someone in the room with them; (2) people who use the speakerphone as a means to continue the conversation while going to the bathroom; and (3) people who call as a group and speak simultaneously, which results in an

waiting for the "next available ticket agent" to pick up.

AUTOMATIC DIALERS

You find an unoccupied pay phone on the street and decide to call your best friend to tell him that you're running late. You deposit a quarter and move to dial. Panic sets in. You stare blankly at the phone, desperately trying to jog your memory. It's no use. You have

forgotten your best friend's number.

DO NOT BECOME A SLAVE TO YOUR AUTOMATIC DIALER.

Chronic automatic dialers start using the programmed frequently dialed numbers on their telephone because it's easy. "I can quit anytime," they say. But soon they're completely dependent, captives of their own laziness, and they can't use any phone but their own.

In spite of the problems created by these innovations, they do offer one consolation.

IN THE EVENT OF A MISHAP, YOU CAN ALWAYS BLAME THE TECHNOLOGY.

If, for instance, you disconnect a boring friend in the middle of a long story, *it was because you didn't know how to work call waiting*. Or you tried to call work to see if they needed you on Sunday, *but the mute button was pushed on your phone—*

you could hear them, but they couldn't hear you.

SELF-TEST

It's time to find out if you can apply these rules to some real-life situations.

Situation #1: You dial the number of an acquaintance. When a woman answers with a shrill "Allo?" you haltingly ask, "Is Bill there?" She responds, "Beel? No Beel here. Wrong number," and hangs up. You assume a misdial and try again. After half a ring you hear a familiar "Allo?" What do you do?
Answer: Since you haven't identified yourself, apply Rule #1. Hang up and call Information.

Situation #2: Your friend takes a call in the middle of a conversation. While you're on hold you also receive an incoming call. What do you do?
Answer: Take the call. Using Rule #5 guidelines, determine whether you should return to the first conversation. If you decide not to, use Rule #9 as an excuse when you next speak to the original caller.

Situation #3: You misdial and get some unknown person's answering machine. At the sound of the beep, what do you do?
Answer: You could simply hang up, but why not have some fun? SPY suggests screaming, "I've been watching you!" Then hang up.

—Nell Scovell

NAKED CITY



THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

Dear Betsy,

I know very well that you're keeping all my letters to deposit someday in Ron's library ((naughty girl!)) and that someday researchers will be poring over them, just like that scene in Citizen Kane. That's why I had wanted to start this one off with just the right flourish, because this one is history, where I explain ~~what~~ what really happened. What I need is a little quote in italics at the top, to show that I'm aware of the moment. I think that sort of thing looks very elegant, don't you?

So, Betsy dear, do me a favor. Tear up this letter after you read it and advise me. Then I'll write you another one in place of this one, and you can keep that. Keep this envelope, though, for the postmark, and throw the other one away when you get it. Don't even save this letter for the directions I'm giving you now. I mean, if this one turns up along with the next one in a hundred years, it'll be too late to say it was all Don Regan's fault. (By the way, I've had all the photos of him and Ron together taken away. That way, Ron should forget about him soon - a little after lunch, I think.)

Anyway, what I'm looking for is a nice line from a poem about woman's intuition and little Irish drunks and doing what has to be done, you know, to put at the top of my letter (the next one, remember). I asked Maureen, who suggested "Revenge is a dish best eaten." (Trust her to remember lines about food.) Think I should call Bill Safire? (Ha!) ~~I'm~~ I'm not sure how much poetry he reads, but he certainly does write a lot of "DESPICABLE FICTION." What did he expect? That I'd resign? Poor silly man.

Mike Deaver was no help. The only thing he ever read was his Rolodex. When I called him, he said he didn't think he could talk about telephones on the telephone. I suggested lunch at the Palm, and he said please don't talk about expensive lunches. So I laughed and asked if it was OK to talk about the rain - it was raining - and he said that depended on what rain I was talking about. Poor little man.

I mean, really! Everyone knows that ex-Mr. Chief of Staff and I had a telephone problem. They should. I told Chris Wallace at NBC, ~~who~~ who's been such a special friend (get that look off your face!) since we wrote his book about me, and he told everybody else. (I could chaperon a lunch with Chris, if you're interested.... He is such a nice-looking young fellow, you know - reminds me of old Gardner McKay. You remember - the Adventures in Paradise TV actor? Get that look off your face!)

So I went to Howard Baker. He's such a special person. We passed in the hall yesterday while he was leading Ronnie to the Cabinet Room, and I just mentioned that I needed something. Well, little Howard just snapped right to attention! (I so like that in a man.) I mean, he nearly dropped Ronnie. He said he knew lots of poetry, and that his staff knew even more, and that he'd have a whole library of it in my office right away. (His wife is a terrible drinker, you know. Poor man.)

I'm just sick I didn't get a private viewing of the Duchess of W.'s jewels. (I heard that they showed them to Candy Spelling. If that gal didn't used to be a hooker -- next time you see Lee Annenberg in the Springs, ask.) And there was this sweet little doggie brooch in rubies and topaz that looked just like Rex. Time for that lunch. Don't forget: eyes only, and burn after reading.

Kisses,

Nancy XOX



Make-Believe Mailbag

THE NANCY REAGAN—
BETSY BLOOMINGDALE
CORRESPONDENCE

The J&B Scotch Handbook: *New York on the* *Spur of the Moment:* *Nightlife*

NIGHTTIME IS THE BEST OF TIMES in the city that never sleeps, the city that sings its heart out and dances its feet off and drinks its fill after the rest of the world has turned out the lights and gone to bed. ♣ In nightlife, as in every other New York arena, the city is a perpetual endurance contest, a test of wills with constant comparisons of appetite and desire and personal wealth. After a strenuous workday of hostile takeovers, internecine office politics and endless auditions for jobs, roles, assignments and deals, New Yorkers test their stamina by trying to eat more exotically and more expensively at a later hour than every-

WARNING: This unusually delightful handbook is the first of a J&B Scotch promotional series that will appear in *Spy* over the next several months. Parental discretion is advised. Void where prohibited by law.

..... P H O T O G R A P H S B Y K A R E N K U E H N

one else, by partying with more notorious personalities at increasingly inaccessible clubs and then by arriving at work earlier, with brighter eyes and sharper minds than everyone else. ♠ Anyone who looks tired or fat loses. ♥

What are we going to do tonight? (We're never quite sure until we do it.)

They used to call it Fun City, but being insufferable New Yorkers we insist upon precision. New York is *Impulse City*, the only place in the world where it's possible to do whatever you want without planning ahead—the city where the less you know in advance about your after-dark schedule, the better. Living in New York means being prepared at all times to be unprepared—to be surprised. Surprised by the perfect pink of a sunset over the rotten Hudson piers. Surprised when you look up Madison and see three members of the original *Saturday Night Live* cast sauntering toward you. Surprised coming around a corner to find a man pushing a grocery cart full of smoldering rags and shouting, “*Flaming potatoes! Flaming potatoes!*” Surprised at how skittish and delighted Times Square still makes you feel. Surprised by a shameless plug for J&B Scotch right in the middle of a paean to New York City. E. B. White wrote that no one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky. And *surprised*, we could add—surprised even by himself, by the curious and corny and splendid things he finds himself doing at night in the city on the spur of the moment.

Moment Tip: Instead of merely watching the bizarre characters and potentially explosive scenes intrinsic to these modes of transportation, carry a camera with you at all times in New York at night and in six months you could have a photographic record that will make you proud—or scared.

We might go to a movie (there are 145 cinemas in the city). We might shake, rattle and/or roll (there are at least 40 discos and dance clubs in New York, but they open and close so fast no one is entirely sure of the number). Spur-of-the-Moment Tip: Just for fun, next time the doorman waves you in, wave back and remain behind the ropes.

We might grab a bite (there are 6,500 restaurants and God knows how many all-night grocery stores and fruit stands), have a couple of drinks (there are 2,750 bars, restaurants and clubs licensed to sell liquor, and 350 liquor stores, nearly all of which sell J&B Scotch), play a game of Outrun (there are 35 licensed video arcades) and see a show (there are—still, in 1987—152 legitimate theaters).

All of these activities will seem merrier and more exotic and alluring if you're really supposed to be somewhere else. In other words, *being spontaneous is often adultspeak for playing hooky*.

GOING PRO: LOSING YOUR AMATEUR NIGHTLIFE STATUS

Becoming a professional club denizen doesn't happen overnight. And it is curable, the experts say. It often requires months of paying your dues, figuratively, but especially literally—usually in the form of admission, drinks and cab fares.

There are really only two kinds of nightlife success stories:

- 1) People who have *established* more or less legitimate careers by constantly going out at night, and
- 2) People whose more or less illegitimate careers *consist entirely* of going out at night.

Notable examples of each group are:

1) PROFESSIONALS WHO NIGHT CRAWL 2) PROFESSIONAL NIGHT CRAWLERS

Jean-Michel Basquiat

William F. Buckley Jr.

Morgan Entrekin

Annie Flanders

Whoopi Goldberg

Keith Haring

Jay McInerney

Billy Idol

Tama Janowitz

Henry Kissinger

Steve Rubell

Brooke Shields

Taki

most fashion designers

Dianne Brill

Pat Buckley

Lisa E.

Bianca Jagger

Nan Kempner

Sylvia Miles

Haoui Montaug

Michael Musto

Stephen Saban

Nancy Kissinger

James St. James

Anita Sarko

Taki

most record company A&R people

J&B Scotch

Spur-of-the-Moment

Hotline:

(212) 925-5979

PLANNING SPONTANEOUS NEW YORK NIGHTS: THE *IN* INFRASTRUCTURE The subways (all 230 miles of them) run all night long, and the taxi drivers (there are 11,787 medallions and at least that many gypsies) cruise as late as we do. Spur-of-the-

PLANNING TO BE UNPREDICTABLE: WHERE TO GO *Anywhere but where you are already. And the best plan is no plan.*

With nightlife, as with romance, the thrill is often in the chase. Night spots in New York City are rapidly becoming mere pit stops between cab rides. Upon arrival, clubgoers require, for appearance's sake (and what other stakes do clubgoers have?), an immediate destination. They make their way to the bar and grab a drink (perhaps a J&B Scotch). They tour the club as if searching for puddles of glamour in the corners, desperate to find (but never quite finding) that special urban transcendence—club nirvana. The actual boogalooers, people wildly careening about the dance floor, are generally ignored, since they:

- 1) mistakenly think they've found the right club;
- 2) don't really know any other place to go except back home; or
- 3) have parked their car in a nearby lot, and what with that \$18 plus 14% tax plus tip plus club admission and drinks (J&B Scotch?), simply cannot afford to leave.

Spur-of-the-Moment Tip: Serious club hoppers never check their coats, thus retaining the illusion that they are en route to a more exclusive place. There is always, after all, a more exclusive place. And the pros always save their taxi receipts for business deductions, although they almost certainly have no business.



Who What and Where Are Hopping, Bopping and Happening All Night Long?

NEW YORK CITY invented the term "Open 24 hours." (And even if it didn't, saying so exemplified two valuable nightlife habits—New York bluster and spur-of-the-moment fibbing.) It is a town where people demand goat-cheese pizza deliveries at 3:00 a.m., where all-night drug stores share a thriving business with late-night Laundromats, bowling alleys, vegetable stands and gift shops, all open until the wee hours. (We like to call this the Wee Decade.)

THE NEW YORK NIGHTLIFE SURVIVAL KIT

Planning and packing for the unplanned event.

The Boy Scouts say, "Be Prepared," and if it's good enough for them, it should be good enough for you. Here's a suggestion of what you should keep in a little black satchel.



Nightclub drink tickets
Mirror and travel toothbrush
Peppermint Scope
Clairol's Pazazz mousse hair color
Dramamine, Band-Aids and bug repellent
Favorite hat from Manolo
Subway tokens
Black Ray-Ban Wayfarers
Phone numbers of limo services
Credit cards
Identification
False Identification
Chocolate candy and trail mix
Black eyeliner, false eyelashes,
Erace cover-up, red lipstick
Money—lots of singles, lots of change
Flask of J&B Scotch
Special J&B Scotch taxi-hailing device

Anytime, Anywhere: 24-Hour Services

ACE CONCRETE & ASPHALT CO. (686 Courtlandt Avenue, the Bronx, 665-4004). Snow plowing, sand and salt spreading. Any day, any hour, radio-dispatched. Next winter, don't wait for the sanitation department to clear your block.

ALL LANGUAGE SERVICES (545 Fifth Avenue, at 45th Street, 986-1688). A 24-hour in-house translating service that

can turn 58 languages into English, and vice versa. When you need your résumé translated into Russian, or for those dates with a foreigner when the phrase book doesn't help.

SILVER CUP LIMOUSINES INC. (133 East 7th Street, 505-9500). Round-the-clock service, featuring stretch limousines outfitted with electric bar, color TV, VHS stereo, cellular telephone, privacy divider, sun/moon roof. If these door panels could talk.

HOME PORTABLE X-RAY SERVICE INC. (13 Ashton Road, Yonkers. In NYC call: 299-5325). The best part: they take X rays in your home. Radio car brings radiological technician any day, any night, all hours, in all areas of Manhattan. Bored with Cinemax? *Get X-rayed!*

SANDBACK & BIRNBAUM, ATTORNEYS (236 Mineola Boulevard, Mineola. In NYC call: 517-3200). All areas of trial and—especially interesting in the middle of the night—appellate criminal matters. Attorneys available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. *Se habla español.*

S.O.S. LOCKSMITH CORP. (198 Seventh Avenue, 242-1708). 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, including holidays. Licensed, bonded, insured. Free estimates, and they go anywhere. Your roommate is out way too late? Change the locks—*just for the fun of it.*

Insomniac Heaven

BUY ALL NIGHT

B. DALTON BOOKSELLER (396 Avenue of the Americas, at 8th Street, 674-8780). Books and magazines—and the best of this chain, open until 11:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

BOWLMOR LANES (110 University Place, between 12th and

13th Streets, 255-8188). *Passé but fun: bowling until 4:00 a.m. Friday and Saturday.*

KAUFMAN PHARMACY (the Beverly Hotel, 557 Lexington Avenue, at 50th Street, 755-2266). Open 24 hours.

TOWER RECORDS (692 Broadway, at West 4th Street, 505-1500; 1961 Broadway, at 66th Street, 799-2500). Records, tapes, CDs. Open until midnight. Overwhelming.

EAT ALL NIGHT

ACME BAR & GRILL (9 Great Jones Street, between Lafayette & Broadway, 420-1934). Open until midnight weekdays, 1:00 a.m. weekends. Convincingly down-home restaurant with southern food, menschy crowd.

AMSTERDAM'S BAR & ROTISSERIE (428 Amsterdam Ave-

SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT GEOGRAPHY: A Beginner's Guide to Manhattan

Certain New York neighborhoods and even are places that are high-strung but not as fake-festive (like Citicorp Center). It is in and merchants and New York citizen-perfor-

BROADWAY BETWEEN 72ND AND 96TH ST

Between the gravitational poles of Lincoln Columbus Avenue. Sesame beef and books. Notion: In front of Zabar's, break into an e

SEVENTIES AND EIGHTIES BETWEEN LEXIN

As loose and serendipitous as the swells ge well, like Scotch. Note the ritualized spont articulate late-night nuts of Upper Lex. A S go, and say you're with Mr. Rohatyn's party

42ND STREET BETWEEN LEXINGTON AND B

Every kind o' fun: Grand Central, the best where (alas, only in the daytime) one spur yo!—the wild, raggedy end of 42nd Street, that J&B Scotch is not much served here) not what we have in mind. A Spur-of-the-M

ALL OF ST. MARKS PLACE

Twenty years after the summer of love, th it's still full of late-night yearning to cause the-Moment Notion: Dress as you do norm

nue, between 80th and 81st Streets, 874-1377). Open until 4:00 a.m. Crowded y----e singles hangout with fine barbecued chicken.

BAR LUI (625 Broadway, at Houston Street, 473-8787). Open until 3:00 a.m. Cavernous and edgy, a notorious singles scene.

THE CADILLAC BAR (15 West 21st Street, 645-7220). Open until 2:00 a.m. weekdays, 4:00 a.m. weekends. Frat-party atmosphere, graffiti-covered walls and roaming waitresses who dispense shots of tequila.

CARNEGIE DELI (854 Seventh Avenue, at 56th Street, 757-2245). Open until 4:00 a.m. Greasy. Enormous. Wonderful. One sandwich here can feed a family of four agents.

CENTRAL FALLS (478 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince, 475-3333). Open until 1:00 a.m. Extremely pleasant SoHo restaurant with New York's best onion rings.

EMPIRE DINER (210 Tenth Avenue, at 22nd Street, 243-2736). Open 24 hours. A real diner with production values, good food and a piano.

EXTERMINATOR CHILI (305 Church Street, at Walker, 219-3070). Open until 11:00 p.m. weekdays, midnight weekends. Killer chili, and the Elvis shrine is not to be missed.

FLORENT (69 Gansevoort

Street, 989-5779). Open 24 hours. Good French food, lately a manic atmosphere. Hard to find; thus, good.

H & H BAGELS (2239 Broadway, at 80th Street, 595-8000). Open 24 hours. Freshly made, all varieties (including the new sourdough).

KIEV (117 Second Avenue, at 7th Street, 674-4040). Open 24 hours. Scrambled eggs with kielbasa and other Ukrainian twists. Enduringly cool.

LE CHAPITEAU (105 West 13th Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, 929-8833). Open until 1:00 a.m. Food

served to the beat of live, rousing music and eaten by live, rousing fashion plates.

PÂTISSERIE LANCIANI (177 Prince Street, between Sullivan and Thompson, 477-2788). Open until midnight. Sweet, sharp-looking little café with good light meals and sweet, sharp-looking little desserts.

PETALUMA (1356 First Avenue, at 73rd Street, 772-8800). Open until midnight. Cheerful, tasteful café serving great Italianate nouvelle food.

PETROUCHKA (435 East 86th Street, between First and York Avenues, 876-3800). Open until 2:00 a.m. Russian food in wildly plush surroundings. With Gypsy music, alas.

RESTAURANT (63 Carmine Street, at Seventh Avenue South, 675-3312). Open until 1:00 a.m. weekdays, 1:30 a.m. weekends. Out-of-the-way (and thus desirable) spot with good food at reasonable prices.

SUNSET STRIP (113 Horatio Street, at the West Side Highway, 645-0808). Open until 2:00 a.m. Kooky, colorful.

24 FIFTH AVENUE (24 Fifth Avenue, at 9th Street, 475-0880). Open until midnight. Anomalous serene in this overactive neighborhood. Quite good French food.

TWO ELEVEN (211 West Broadway, at Franklin Street, 925-7202). Open until 11:00 p.m. weekdays, midnight weekends. Cozy, romantic, friendly, nice.

UNION SQUARE CAFE (21 East 16th Street, 243-4020). Open until 11:00 p.m. weekdays, midnight weekends. Good food in pleasant surroundings.

ZIG ZAG BAR AND GRILL (206 West 23rd Street, 645-5060). Open until 3:00 a.m. Appealing bar with very good jukebox.

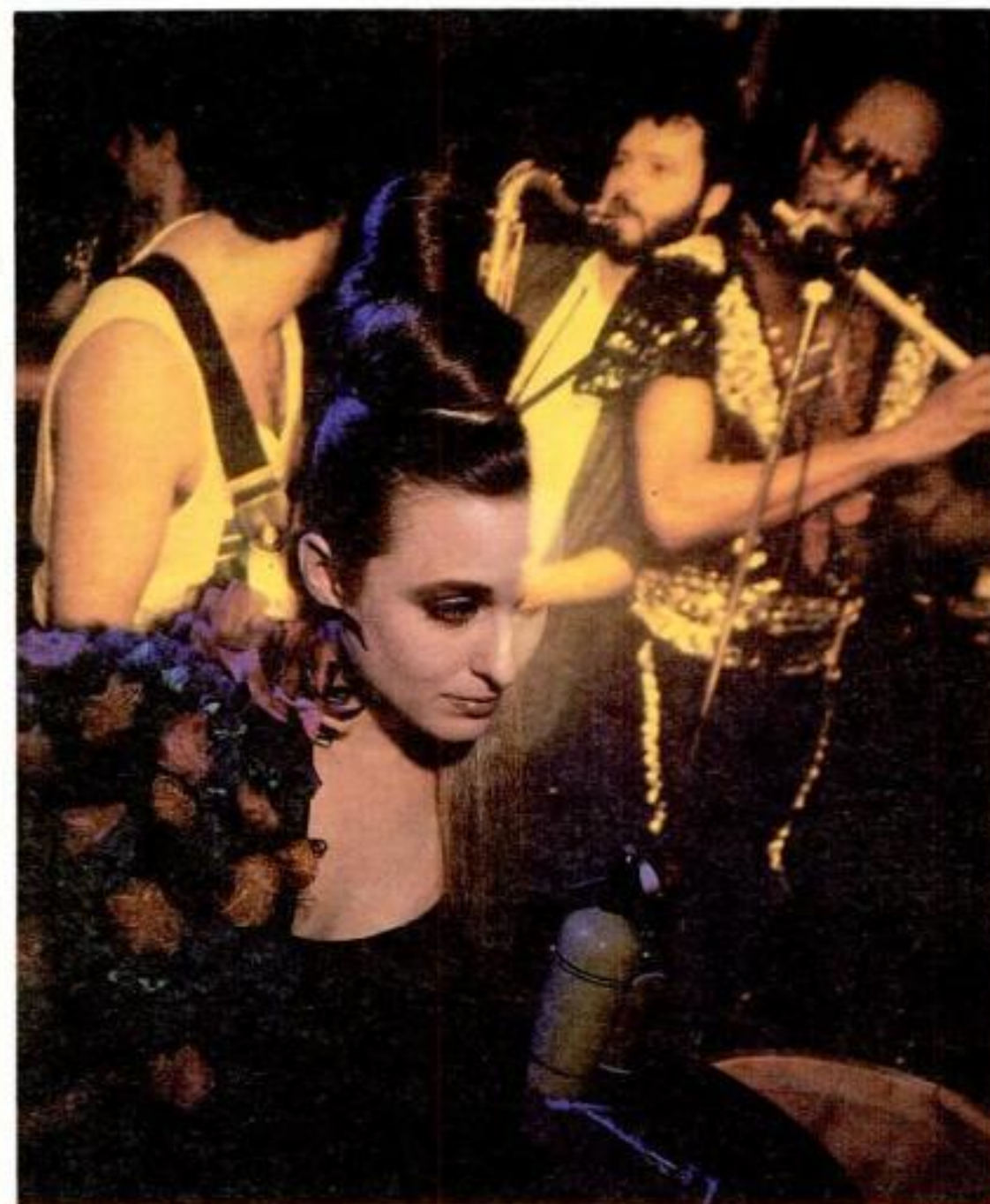
CELEBRATE ALL NIGHT

AZTEC LOUNGE (432 East 9th Street, 677-5290). Down-and-dirty hard-core punk bar.

THE BAJA CLUB (246A Columbus Avenue, 724-8890). Surf's up; rowdy y-----s.

CAROLINE'S (332 Eighth Avenue, between 26th and 27th Streets, 924-3499, and 89 South Street, Pier 17, 693-1700). The most alluring of the comedy clubs, now with two locations.

GREENE STREET RESTAURANT (101 Greene Street, between Prince and Spring, 925-2415). Enormous but some-



how cozy SoHo dining spot with live jazz music.

KING TUT'S WAH WAH HUT (112 Avenue A, at 7th Street, 254-7772). Performance artists and slumming brats.

MILKBAR (22 Seventh Avenue South, at St. Lukes Place, 675-4631). Stylishly denuded. Cool, very cool, frigid even.

NELL'S (246 West 14th Street, 675-1567). Interesting fin de siècle supper club with most of its clientele waiting outside.

SCOTCH AROUND THE CLOCK (126 Verplanck Street). Witty, wonderful young New Yorkers sipping J&B Scotch and soda, J&B Scotch on the rocks, J&B Scotch neat, into the night.

ZULU LOUNGE (1584 York Avenue, 772-0556). Off-peak hangout for heirs and heiresses.

LE CHAPITEAU

Spur-of-the-Moment Zones

are peculiarly conducive to spontaneity—they (like Rivington Street), sociable but not the moment zones that fashion and architecture to make unpredictability fairly predictable.

umbia, now invigorated by the la-di-da spiff of s and actors comingle. A Spur-of-the-Moment rap song about the *Partisan Review*.

AVENUES

o swell-land, a district where J&B flows like... 's, the ripe raffishness of Mortimer's, the very ment Notion: Speak pig Latin everywhere you

hering place on the island; the Public Library, inquiry leads to another, then another, and—tter what anyone says, and despite the fact —although spur-of-the-moment injury is really Skip, like a child, from Seventh to Eighth.

n rat-tat-tattiness has grown a little tired, but who could ask for anything more? A Spur-of-you do normally.

Bright

Lights, Big City, Big Glass
of J&B Scotch: "Spontaneous" Is Your Middle Name

You think you have night-person potential, but you lack some critical information. You're stuck in what our panel of spur-of-the-moment nightlife experts call a *pathological planning mode*, familiar only with arranging meetings, making appointments, writing memos. You wish to become spontaneous, and frequently jot down reminders to that effect. You want to act on the spur of the moment, but you still want to wear a watch, reconfirm all reservations and plan for your retirement.

**MAYBE YOU DON'T
REALIZE WHO I AM:
The Experts Speak**
How do you live on
the spur of the
moment in New York?

AL "My name is on the list" **ROKER**—WNBC weatherman.

"I once drove from my home in Westchester to Rockefeller Center in New York just for some key lime pie at the American Festival Cafe. I got in a conversation about key lime pies, and I just had to have one. They make the best."

JEAN "I live to act" **LECLERC**—star of *All My Children*

"I was in California and suddenly decided I wanted to see a play in New York City. I got on an afternoon plane and got to town in time to see it and flew back home on the Red-eye. The play wasn't very good, though; I liked the movie of the play better."

JAY "I know Nell personally" **McINERNEY**—author of *Bright Lights, Big City* and *Ransom*

"At sunrise, after a long night out, I thought it would be a great idea to go to the top of the Empire State Building. The elevator was crammed with tourists and sticky children, and at about the 80th floor I felt extremely ill, and realized it was a huge mistake. The last thing I wanted to do was look down off the top of the building. I just barely made it up to the top and back down again without incident. I felt ill for about two days."

J&B Scotch
Spur-of-the-Moment
Hotline:
(212) 925-5979

As one way of demonstrating that acting on impulse doesn't necessarily mean dropping out and opening a candle shop, we've provided a few scenarios to help get you in the mood. Feel free to follow them to the letter.

♠ You've spent the last week and a half with a new flame, and you're convinced she's the girl of your dreams, or at least those dreams that have survived thinning hair and the IRS. You need the right opportunity to propose. Having just danced most of the night away, she mentions she'd give anything for a good bowl of chili. You've been buying her drinks all night (J&B Scotch as far as you can remember), but this is a new challenge to your savvy. In a lesser town, the most you could offer would be a can of Hormel at your place, but *this is New York*, and it occurs to you that both the Lone Star Cafe and Exterminator Chili are probably still

open. You ask her which she prefers and, by the way, would she spend the rest of her life with you? Exterminator, she replies. She misses the second part of the question. (Maybe it was the J&B Scotch.)

♥ You wake with a start from an evening nap after an incredible dream in which your ordinary brown hair appears dazzlingly blond. You cancel dinner plans, grab your shoes and a \$20 bill and race out to Kaufman Pharmacy to meet your drug-store destiny in the form of a bottle of hair dye. On your way home, you buy a bottle of J&B Scotch to celebrate your new life as a blond.

♣ Midway through a home-viewing of *Personal Best*, you feel hopelessly out of shape. When you exercise in your studio apartment, your neighbors call the police, so you rush over to the last aerobics class at Pineapple Dance Center. You still have time afterward to buy a pint of Oreo cookie ice cream (which is an extra special treat when served in a beer mug with a jigger of, say, J&B Scotch).

♦ You're killing time before a date, and there's no better place to kill time than in New York City. While surveying the city from the 102nd floor Observatory at the Empire State Building, you suddenly realize that the International Beauty Show is in progress at the Javits Center. Hoping for some free advice and perhaps a state-of-the-art hairbrush, you head west on the M16 bus. Ten minutes in the exhibits feel like a lifetime—will your date *really* want to hear about follicle identification strategies?—so it's into the subway to catch the downtown R train. You remember how energetic your date was last time (matched you drink for drink of J&B and still won three wrestling matches on the carpet), so loading up on carbohydrates seems prudent. At Times Square you switch to the shuttle train bound for Grand Central, where you scarf down a baked potato at one of the kiosks. You take the No. 6 train down to Union Square, where you wait for the M9 bus. You choose a window seat so you can scan the art galleries when you turn down Avenue B (your date was an art major at NYU) before you get off in Chinatown. You see your date waiting in front of Say Eng Look, where the combination of J&B and tofu-wrapped fish could be a great way to start off an evening—but then, being an utterly spur-of-the-moment person by this time, you suggest skipping dinner in favor of a seminar at the Cooper-Hewitt on Victorian wine racks. Your date refuses, yells at you for being late, and turns on his or her heel. A Spur-of-the-Moment Tip: You can carry this spontaneous serendipitous act too far.



Geek by Day, Hipster by Night: Successfully Sporting a Split Personality

As highly lucrative and glamorous as your job may be, you may ask yourself at the end of the working day: Is this all there is to life? You often wonder if there isn't some grand party happening somewhere, where people are living up to their potential, dancing with strangers and having experiences you never dreamed were possible. You remind yourself that when you embarked on your career, it precluded having loads of irresponsible fun; that people would probably never call you up to ask, "What's hot? What's happening?"



that your appearance at a party would never represent the critical ingredient to its success. You are a responsible citizen. You pay your taxes. You would never dream of shoplifting. But still, you wonder...

There is a solution: lead a double life. Ordinary working geek by day, enigmatic, slightly jaded hipster by night.

At first you may think you'll feel hideously out of place, an obvious fraud among the true bohemians, and that doormen and coat check girls alike will point and laugh at your feeble, transparent attempts at hipness.

Here, then, is a handy reference guide to appropriate behavior, whether you're on the job or on a roll.

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SHADES:	Levolor	Ray-Ban
HAIRSTYLE:	slick	slicker
CONCERNS:	performing competently	performing
PRIVATE ROOM:	board	VIP
PREFERRED ALTITUDE:	high rise	down under
BANKING:	deals	cash machine
TIPS:	stock	drink
TRANSPORTATION:	stretch limo	skateboard
WHERE YOU'D LIKE TO BE:	Central Park	anywhere but
WHOM YOU'D LIKE TO BE WITH:	Larry Tisch	Buster Poindexter
HOT CORNERS:	52nd Street & Fifth	5th Street & Second
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ART DEALER:	Leo Castelli	Gracie Mansion
MUSIC:	Tchaikovsky	Talking Heads
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4. Wait for taxi.

TAXI!

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SPUR OF THE
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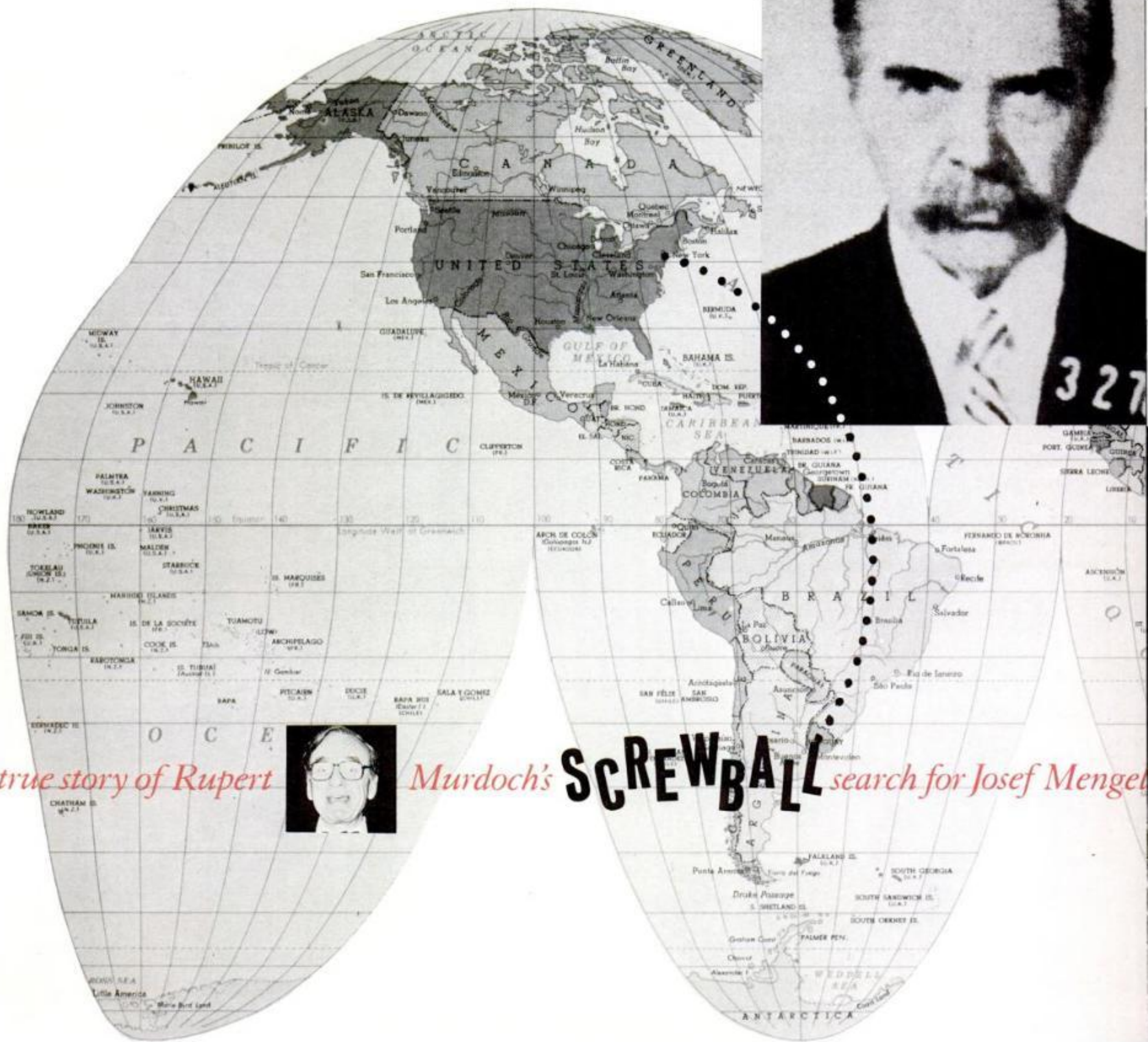
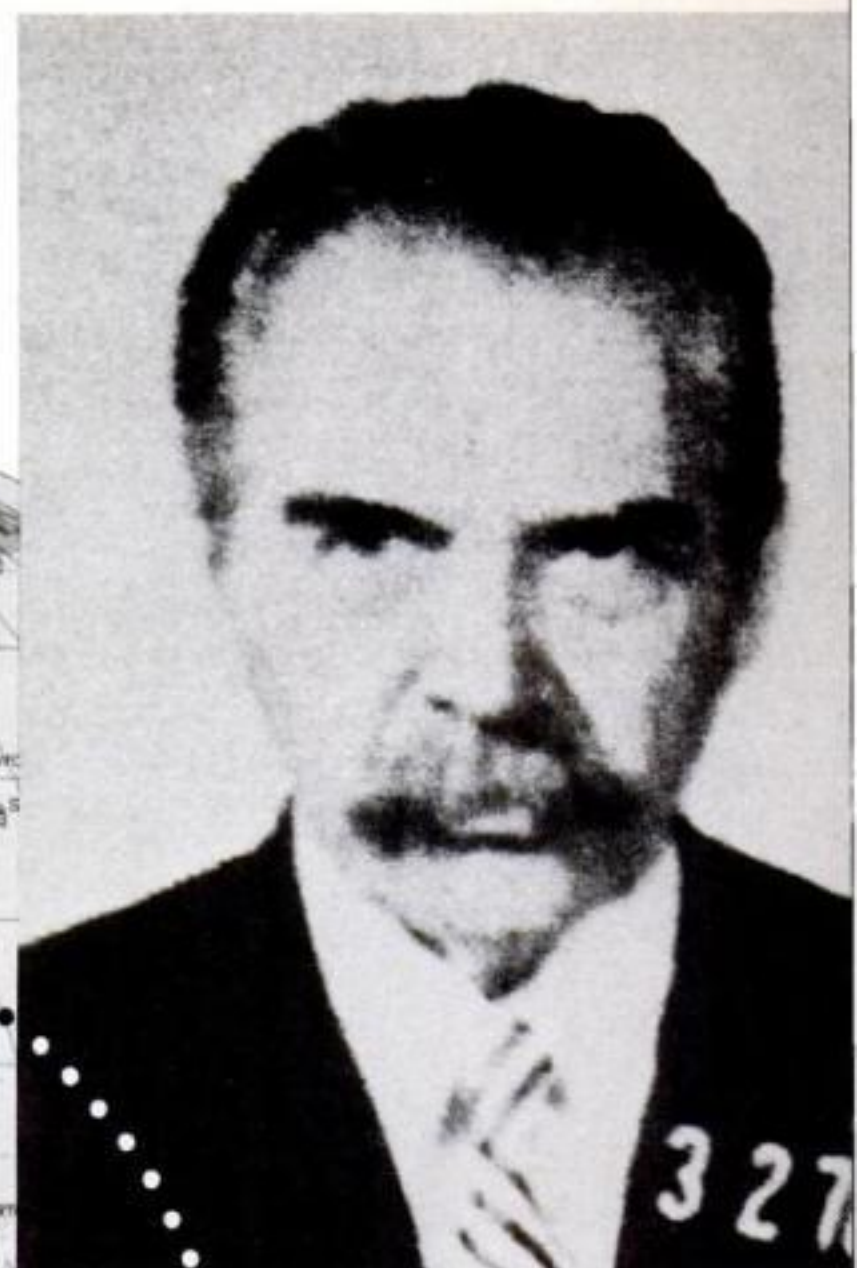
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Photograph of Josef Mengele that appeared on his phony Brazilian identification card



The true story of Rupert



Murdoch's

SCREWBALL

search for Josef Mengele

NAZI-HUNTING TOOLS THE EXPERTS USE:





THE FORMER NAZI

HUNTER FOR THE NEW YORK POST

wanders the earth. From Cape Cod to Texas, Big

Sur to Key West, living off Rupert Murdoch's

money, he cuts his giant zigzags across the

continent, angles stitched to the

sea by his VW camper. Now and then

he sets down at his bungalow on a

marshy divot in the Chesapeake,

where his bony figure can be seen bending over

the water, pulling out crabs.  Gaunt, beard-

ed, quinine-dosed, disease-riddled—such is the

physical stock and substance

of Richard Alan White. It is

almost as if when they dug up

the bones in Brazil and said,

This is Dr. Mengele, they con-

demned White to ghostly

North American migrations,

an underground life above

ground.  Before the Brazilian police found

the Nazi's bones in June 1985, Richard White

and the *New York Post* were planning to get ➡

by PHILIP WEISS



Nazi hunter Richard Alan White
in El Salvador, 1984

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KSPY

PAST...PRESENT...FUTURE...
Look at our designed world through the
eyes of METROPOLIS!

Josef Mengele themselves—their own Josef Mengele, or so they thought, the one who lived in Uruguay. You didn't read about this adventure in the *Post*, of course; the only reason it has come out here is that Rupert Murdoch tried to stiff White on his Nazi-hunting fee, and White sued. The complaint he filed in federal court reads like *The Third Man* on peyote. But when the *Post*'s lawyer responded, he substantially confirmed White's account, a grand delusion in which a gaucho journalist and a geeky human-rights activist Ph.D. staked out a rich South American businessman's seashore home and made plans to kidnap him. Armed Israeli enforcements waited in the wings.

The plan: They'd put on bulletproof vests and drug Mengele in his villa. The *Post*'s reporter would take his fingerprints, and then the comatose Nazi would be slung over a shoulder and hauled down the cliff. To the rubber boat. To the yacht loaded with guns. To sea. And on to the hospitable shores of country X—no names.

The *Post* exclusive interviews, the extradition, the movie rights—they were all worked out ahead of time. And there in country X, amid the stench of a pig farm by a river, White would seal Dr. Mengele's doom by slipping into his pocket a packet of cocaine, to be charged to Rupert Murdoch. The police would bash in the front door, and then out the back door and into glory would go the *New York Post* and Richard Alan White, romantic of many hemispheres and chief source for the following story, which, after two years in which this weary world has sought to divert itself with more comic matters, can now be told.

LONDON. Nazi hunting is a declining industry, but it experienced a boom in 1984 and 1985 when the world at last decided it wanted Josef Mengele. The year marked the 40th anniversary of the liberation of Auschwitz, the Polish concentration camp where the Nazis had destroyed 4 million people and where Mengele had appeared to relish choosing who would go to the gas chamber. Survivors were trying Mengele in absentia in Jerusalem and putting pressure on officialdom to find him. The U.S. government was shamed into action by the disclosure that after the war it had had Mengele in its hands in the American occupation zone in Vienna and then let him go. Reward money was piling up. All in all, it was a very good time to be selling Josef Mengele.

One of those who was selling was Herbert John, a West German journalist who lived in New York. In late 1984 John brought a story to the *New York Post*. He said he had made contact with a Uruguayan colonel who had been in touch with Mengele's mistress. She'd given the colonel an address. The *Post* was excited. So, reportedly, was Rupert Murdoch, the Australian owner of the paper.

Murdoch had lately been having a rough time in the international Nazi flea market. He'd been burned badly by Gerd Heidemann, another West German journalist turned salesman. On April 24, 1983, Murdoch's *Sunday Times* of London had cleared most of its front page to announce, WORLD EXCLUSIVE: HOW THE DIARIES OF THE FUEHRER WERE FOUND IN AN EAST GERMAN HAYLOFT. The paper was going to publish portions of the diaries in a special color section, and for two weeks it teased a palpitating world with such deathless (and exclusive) quotations from Hitler as "He nearly outsmarted me. This smoothie Englishman."

When the West German government pulled the plug, saying the diaries were fake, Murdoch was deeply humiliated. So Herbert John's Mengele tip offered the publisher a chance to recoup his international reputation vis-à-vis Nazis. A few days after Christmas in 1984, the *Post* bit; it sent a reporter named Charles Lachman to Argentina

MURDOCH

along with John. Lean, dark, intense and the son of concentration camp survivors, Lachman was a star at the *Post*. The year before, he had managed to squirm his way onto Grenada in a smuggler's boat during the predawn American "insertion" of 1983; with tabloid bravado, he had turned down seasickness pills, then vomited his guts out during the sea voyage. It was he who reported that the U.S. had accidentally bombed a hospital during the invasion.

On December 28, Lachman and John drove through Buenos Aires to the home of John's sidekick, a retired Argentine policeman named Saul Sztemberg. Sztemberg had a wife who was sexy and multilingual and mixed up in cloak-and-dagger matters of her own but, unfortunately, makes only one other appearance in this story. As for Mengele's double-crossing mistress, she never turned up in the flesh. There is, in short, no love interest.

By the time Lachman and John arrived that night, the Sztembergs already had another guest: Richard Alan White. Indeed, if history had only been generous, the meeting of the smoldering Lachman and the theatrical White might rank up there with the meeting of another journalist on an exotic assignment and another explorer on a righteous mission—Sir Henry Stanley and David Livingstone. But history was in a rotten mood.

Richard Alan White, then 40, had been working as a human rights investigator and a senior analyst at a left-wing think tank. He was the author of two

had been having a rough time in the international Nazi flea market

White and
Lachman
rented a

MERCEDES

stayed in the
best hotels and
gave expensive
knives to the
chambermaids

books, one a study of Paraguayan history and the other a critique of American foreign policy in Central America, but he was not a bookish sort. He preferred engagement. He had a purity of heart that allowed him to feel more zeal than other people and also to seem more naive, and so he went off on many dangerous adventures from which he returned with amazing tales. He had been shot off a mule in El Salvador by a mortar shell in 1980, and he complained more about how much he'd been charged for the dead mule ("*Four hundred colones—it was only worth 250!*") than about his broken collarbone. He went along as an adviser on Jesse Jackson's 1984 mission to Cuba for prisoner liberation, and came back telling stories of bumming cigars off Castro and trading book inscriptions ("*FRATERNALMENTE, FIDEL CASTRO RUIZ*"; "*EN SOLIDARIDAD, RICHARD ALAN WHITE*").

In the get-along, go-along days of the eighties, White had a rare quality: moral fervor. "If I ever get a terminal disease, there are a couple of Salvadoran generals who are going with me," he'd say, then list which State Department officials should be lined up against the wall in Chalatenango.

Recounting his adventures, White becomes slightly grandiose. Maybe it is that he has spent so much time around dictators, torturers, Nazis and revolutionaries, but he tends to invest his own actions with tortured melodrama. For instance, there was the story of the burning house.

In 1977 White was holed up in a house on tiny Wood Island, in the Bay of Fundy, working on what was to be his second book on Paraguay. One day his chain saw broke. He motorboated to Grand Manan Island and got it repaired. That night his house was burned to the ground, his book lost. White blamed it on General Alfredo Stroessner, the president of Paraguay.

"Under the sorrow, I felt a cold fury," White says. "I waited three years to settle accounts . . . with a cold determination . . . in a personal way, with the person who lit the match."

But you said that you'd never killed anyone.

"I didn't kill him. . . . I can't tell you this. . . . I took him prisoner, is what I did."

BUENOS AIRES. In late 1984 Richard White was in pain, ill in ways he didn't understand. He had chills at night and sometimes sweated through three towels as he trembled in bed. His stomach was too tender to hold anything strong. But White, too, had gotten the mysterious message from Men-

gele's mistress via John, and—acting as an agent for concentration camp survivors—he dragged himself to Argentina, where he hoped to set up a seat-of-the-pants operation to capture Mengele.

And what did he find there but a mocking doppelgänger: another bone-thin American (Lachman) with bags packed for Uruguay, this one employed by a hysterical, reactionary tabloid newspaper looking for headlines. "I hate journalists," says White. "I put them on the same level as auto mechanics for honesty."

After the meeting in Sztemberg's house, White told Lachman to get lost. But Lachman said he was planning to cross the Río de la Plata into Uruguay whether White wanted him to or not. He explained that while Rupert Murdoch had slapped his forehead and said, *Oh, no, not again*, when they told him about the Mengele tip, a Nazi this newsworthy had proved too great a temptation, and the publisher had committed the *Post* to an exclusive at a do-anything-you-have-to cost.

White thought of calling one of his Argentine contacts and having Lachman arrested by the police on trumped-up charges, just to keep him from muddying the waters. He told Lachman, "I work alone. Besides, you don't even speak Spanish."

But Lachman was hardworking and sincere, and by the time White said goodbye to Sztemberg and John, it was with the reporter by his side. Lachman had something going for him that had overcome White's reservations: an American Express Platinum Card. If it became necessary to bolt to Brazil, how much easier it would be in a Mercedes than in your usual Latin American heap.

LAGUNA DEL SAUCE, URUGUAY; JANUARY 2, 1985. Over the next few weeks money of many colors flowed through Richard Alan White's hands. Pesos from Argentina and Uruguay, shekels from Israel, dollars from the U.S. His old money belt wasn't big enough. He bought a new one on Murdoch's tab. "I'm throwing the money around and Charlie's throwing it around. The *Post* is throwing the money at us," White says. "I always had at least \$5,000 cash. Fifty \$100 bills gets you out of a lot of jams in South America."

The duo lived well in Uruguay. They bought a camera with a 150mm lens, Russian binoculars, dark clothing and Swiss army knives. When White wanted sunglasses, he grabbed an \$80 pair and put it on the tab. They rented a Mercedes, stayed in the best hotels and gave expensive knives to the chambermaids. White had adopted the cover of a pampa playboy—buffalo meat for dinner, new leather luggage, expensive fold-up fly rods.

The first place they went was the address given by the alleged mistress. A boy delivering eggs said the house belonged to a man called Walter Branaa.

"It was by a lagoon, out in the country, Laguna

del Sauce," says White. "You couldn't stop there, only do a ride by. We tried to get a boat to view it from the lagoon side, but there was no fishing because the fish had all been killed from the pollution, and it would have been conspicuous. We thought of going to the local priest, but we didn't know if he was a rightist priest, and bought-off."

Then one day White said, "'Are you ready to die this afternoon, Charlie?' And he said, 'Yeah I guess so,' and I whipped the car right across the cattle grate into the driveway and blew the horn."

A man came out. White got out of the car and strutted about, imitating a storm trooper, spouting names from "the Nazi folklore." The man gave him the phone numbers of Branaa's other houses.

One of the numbers led them to a villa not far away on Punta Ballena, on the Atlantic coast of Uruguay. The two established what White calls a "horizontal foxhole" on the hillside below the villa. They made a duck blind and took turns watching. The terrace was just 100 yards away, and they could focus the camera on Branaa when he took the sun. They worried about Dobermans and armed guards; when one was in the hole, the other one backed him up lest he get "nailed." They bought beach towels and a colorful umbrella and sat on the beach with the camera in a bag with a hole cut into the side, in case Branaa came down for a swim. Lachman spent hours pretending to read, glancing over the top edge of his book.

When they talked of Mengele, they began using code names. *Mister Angel. The Doctor. The Man.* In such a climate, it did not take much to make them believers.

The white-haired man who came out on the veranda had a military posture—straight back, crossed arms. So far, so good. They could see a window in the basement of the house, and they looked up the blueprints at the local registry of

deeds and found that there was also a subbasement. Well, that was obvious—a bunker.

"And it had a strange antenna on it," says White. "We're trying to hold ourselves in check, but when things started adding up. . . ."

Sztemberg called from Argentina to say the police were onto them and the two might be arrested at any minute. But they couldn't tear themselves away. They switched from the Mercedes to a BMW, and Lachman called in their passport numbers to Steven Dunleavy, the *Post's* metropolitan editor, who promised to get Senator D'Amato on the case if they got busted.

Things kept clicking. The villa, and other houses in Branaa's name, had been bought in 1979, the year that Mengele was said to have left Paraguay. "We went back to Argentina and we had this guy Walter Branaa checked out," White says. "I can't tell you how—we called in a favor. He had no voter registration card, he had no national identity card. *It's a police state, but he didn't exist on paper.* Then we started getting real excited."

COUNTRY X. The biggest problem with catching Josef Mengele wasn't catching him, says White. "It's what the hell you do with him when you have him. You could shoot him. But I'm not an assassin."

White went to the Polish government. "They said, 'This is international terrorism, we're not touching it.'"

"Then I did work it out. I worked out a country that would receive and arrest him. I had to deliver him from Uruguay to country X. I worked this decision out, as they say, at the very highest level."

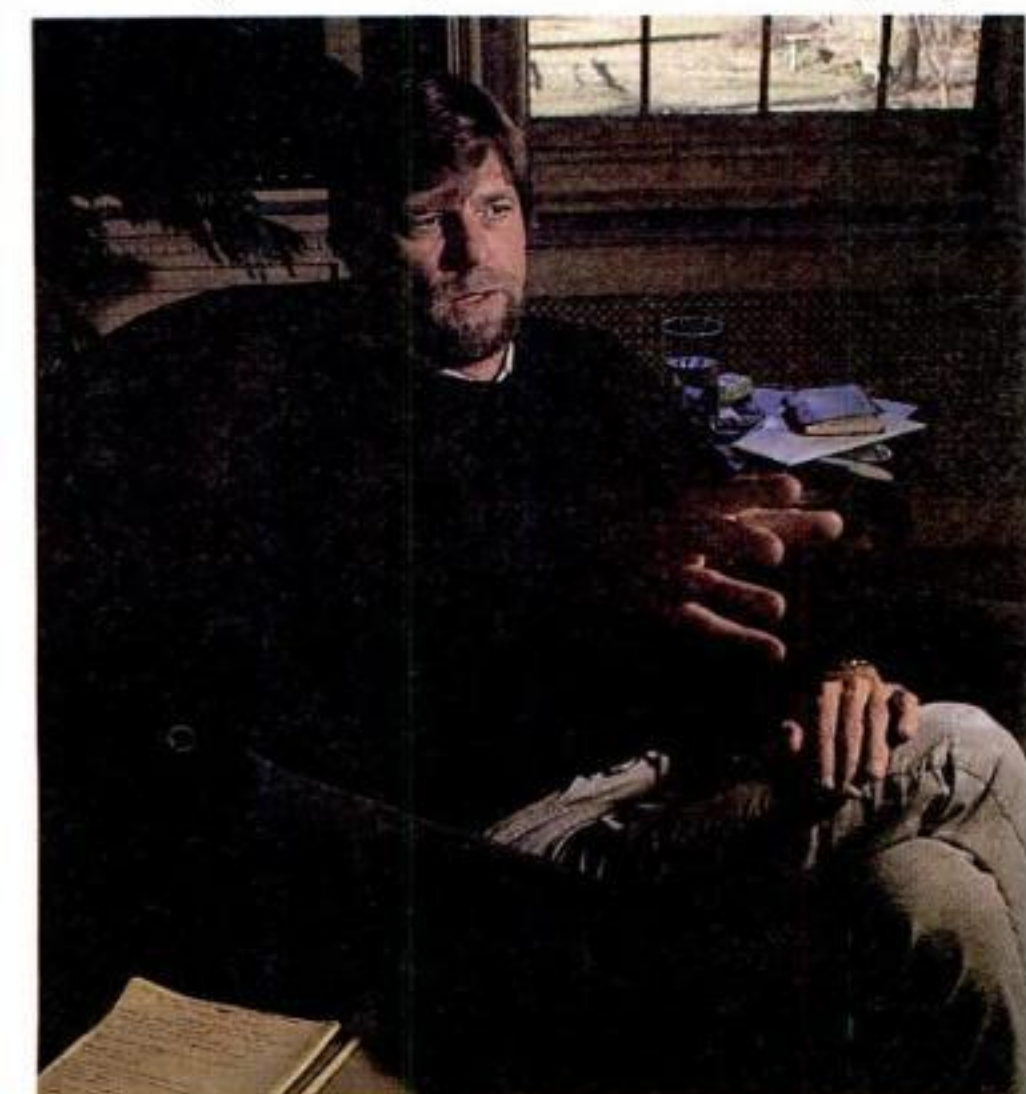
Like this: The foreign minister of country X got the okay from the president of country X. But then the interior minister of country X told the foreign minister of country X that country X could only legally hold Mengele without charges for 72 hours, and who could extradite in 72 hours?

Richard White thought about it. "We were breaking all kinds of laws," he says. "I don't even *know* what laws we broke." He told the foreign minister of country X that Mengele always traveled with an ounce of cocaine.

"He called me back and said one word: *Vale.* 'It's good.'"

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK.

The pictures from the duck blind looked fuzzy, as though a ten-year-old had taken them. Back in the States, White and Lachman got them computer-enhanced and then brought them to a consultant in the New York Medical Examiner's office. Peggy C. Caldwell compared the shots with pictures White and Lachman provided of Mengele in 1937 in an SS uniform. She told them that four angles in the face matched but it wasn't enough to go on. They would have to get better shots.



The Nazi hunter today, relaxing in his Chesapeake bungalow

"He comes in with his wife, we

ZAP HIM

take him down the cliff to the beach, take him out to the schooner, and off"

They also checked in at the *Post*. First Lachman spent an hour with Dunleavy, selling his boss on the new editorial consultant, Richard Alan White.

"Charlie vouched for me," says White. "Charlie saw my access. Calling in some chips, as it's called in our game. Calling in favors."

Then Dunleavy called for White. The metropolitan editor was witty, slick and all stitched up in classic British tailoring. "Egotistical," pronounces White. Dunleavy spoke with a strong Australian accent, a reminder of the hovering presence of that other newsprint carny, Rupert Murdoch. Though he never met Murdoch, White understood that the publisher was following the Mengele hunt closely.

The metropolitan editor, notorious himself for his work on Elvis's death and on the relatives of Son of Sam's victims, came to the meeting eager to size the Nazi hunter up. "Dunleavy said, 'Why do you do this?'" recalls White. "So I said the only thing he would understand. 'For the money.'"

White had been in such situations before—"a macho game"—and resorted to time-tested feints and stratagems.

Dunleavy sent out for a six-pack of Budweiser and cracked one open. White drank, too, and when the beer hit his stomach, he felt a pain so intense that he doubled over. But he knew how to handle that: he pretended to pull up his sock.

"He could see that I had things under control," White says. "And he's getting very excited. He says, 'Keep going.'"

White was matching the editor beer for beer. He said, "My fee's \$500 a day."

"He said, 'Well, I've never paid anybody that much.' And I said, 'Well, you never hired a Nazi hunter before.' That shut him up."

PUNTA BALLENA, URUGUAY; JANUARY 20, 1985. Ah, pampas. Ah, steaks. Ah, land of three *u*'s and four pronunciations, of—

To Uruguay this time the hunter and reporter brought a real photographer, the *Post*'s Dan Brinzac. They took the seats out of a rented van and put curtains in the windows. They triangulated the distance from a nearby parking lot to the villa's veranda at 103 meters, 11 degrees up, and set up a tripod and a camera with a 2,000mm lens in the van.

White brought his own equipment: a tiny voice-activated tape recorder, to which he talked all the time. "Because it was a historic event, and I wanted to keep it all straight. To testify. To write a book."

But the \$500-a-day hunter was in pain. His back hurt. He was gobbling antibiotics and aspirin. Tetracycline, doxycycline—he was treating himself.

They were there a week, but Branaa appeared for only ten minutes on his veranda, walking around in a bathing suit, having coffee. When he took a walk down the hillside in the direction of the parking lot, he loomed so abruptly into Brinzac's lens, as if inches away, that the photographer nearly panicked. But he had managed to get excellent photographs. The trio gave \$300 to a local photo lab, commandeered the place and, with the doors locked, made three copies of the prints. Brinzac took his set of pictures back to New York.

Lachman and White stuck around. They wanted fingerprints. "The prize would have been a wineglass that I would bribe a waiter to snatch off a table," says White. "Or we follow him when he parks his car, put cellophane on the door, with honey on it, as if it flew out of a picnic-type thing."

The Mock Picnic-Type Thing Gambit didn't work. And the one time Branaa went out for a drive, White, giving chase and talking to his tape recorder all the way, got caught in a traffic jam.

But who needed fingerprints when you had the sort of expert opinion they got when they returned to the States? Three forensic experts looked at the photographs separately and came up with the same conclusion: the man pictured was the same one as the subject of the 1937 photographs. White and Lachman didn't tell them it was Mengele. They'd even included a control, pictures of non-Mengeles, which the experts all rejected.

The experts measured different "landmarks" on the face. Ellis R. Kerley, a forensic anthropologist at the University of Maryland, was a dean in this field. The *Post* paid him \$1,750, and he took measurements of the length of the face, the width of the nose, the distance from the base of the nose to the lip closure, and so on. He concluded that the likelihood was 95 percent that the 1937 photos and the new ones were of the same man.

"Would you bet your life on it?" White said.

"I am betting my professional life on it," Kerley said.

At the Smithsonian, J. Lawrence Angel (who has since died) said the likelihood that the two groups of photos were of the same man was on the order of seeing a car 50 feet away, saying, "That is a Mercedes," and being right.

What cinched it for Peggy Caldwell was the distance between the incisors. She talked of "anthroposcopy," "mesial drift" and philtra. "On the basis of this, I would send the man to the electric chair," White says Caldwell told Lachman.

Lachman hid the negatives in his house. A friend of White's told him, "You know, the god Science has taken the future out of your hands. You've caught Josef Mengele."

"It was the first time it really struck me," says White. "Like, how are you ever going to top this one. Like Gabriel García Márquez writing *One Hundred Years of Solitude* when he's 39."

WASHINGTON. There was one problem. *Una problema.*

The man in the bathing suit at Punta Ballena appeared to be in his late fifties. That would have made him a teenager when Auschwitz was going. Mengele had then been in his thirties; if he was alive, he would be in his mid-seventies.

"That bothered us some," White says.

But Angel at the Smithsonian reassured them. "He said, 'You have an uncle who's 60 and looks 50, right? Or perhaps he's 70 and looks like he's in his late fifties?'"

SOMEWHERE AT SEA. Phase two of the plan was "standard stuff," says White. "The way we finally had it worked out, when Branaa, Mengele, whoever, when he left his office on Thursday afternoon, we'd have somebody watching, on the road. And we'd go in [the villa] as telephone repairmen, secure the house, take out the maid, the gardener, maybe a bodyguard. I had a team of rangers, Argentineans, to do the actual kidnapping with me. We never called it a kidnapping. A *capture*."

"And we weren't going to take any lethal weapons. If we go in there and we wipe out women and kids, then we're no better than they are. No better than Mengele. No, you go in with very sophisticated gas-propelled dart guns and they'd stun and they're very—it's more expensive than a normal gun. You catch the Angel of Death like that—even my grandmother would love that story."

"We'd be waiting inside, he comes in with his wife, possibly we'd have a video camera running, we zap him, take him down the cliff to the beach, where they have these Zodiac boats—rubber boats, you know—we take him out to the schooner, and then we'd be off. We'd leave his wife there."

During the capture, everyone would wear bulletproof vests. And there would be real guns on the schooner, provided by Sztemberg, the ex-police-man and firearms buff: Ingram submachine guns, .357 side arms. Sztemberg insisted on a few things: that he be in on the capture, that the *Post* buy him a Zodiac boat and a special winch to haul the Zodiac up onto the schooner. Also, Armalite night-vision scopes, commando uniforms and special webbing for the commandos to wear around their waists to hang equipment from—knives and flashlights and smoke grenades.

Lachman would interview the manacled Mengele at sea. There would even be an hour or two for Richard Alan White's moral fervor, in which he would "grab the sonofabitch by the shirt and look him in the eyes and say, 'You just don't do shit like



SANDBLASTED GLASS/ENAMELED WOOD MIRROR — ALFRED GREGORY
PATINED BRASS LAMP — TODD NOE
ANODIZED ALUMINUM TABLE — DEREK RICHARDS
SANDCASTED/BLOWN GLASS BOWL — LOUIS SCLAFANI

ALTERNATIVE BRIDAL REGISTRY

ROGERS-TROPEA, INC.

AMERICAN CRAFTS FOR URBAN LIVING

1351 THIRD AVENUE

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

212-249-83

this.' To communicate my contempt, and the contempt of humanity."

But what if it wasn't Mengele?

"I left out a part. We had an 'abort' position. We had everything but the fingerprints, and I wouldn't have taken him to the yacht without checking his fingerprints in the house, while he was drugged. I had Mengele's fingerprints from a book, and we had actual fingerprint equipment with us to dust off prints. Charlie bought it from a police-supply store and took a three-hour course."

"I can also read fingerprints. They're very distinctive, it's no big deal."

Almost as easy as comparing photographs.

White says he filled Dunleavy in on the plan. "He has an attention span of about 45 seconds, little blips of attention thrown out." Dunleavy balked at a couple of expenditures: the winch (\$8,000), the Zodiac boat (with motor, \$10,000). But in the end he agreed.

The *Post* and White drew up a contract saying that the *Post* would handle the publicity and the negotiations for the book and movie rights and the millions in reward money. And after all the paper's expenses were covered, Sztemberg, Herbert John and White would go thirdsies on the rest.

On February 11, 1985, the plan went "operational" and White went off Murdoch's \$500-a-day pay. The *Post* wanted to preserve some distance from the capture in the event of an international incident, White says, but it continued to pay expenses. White says Lachman told him the *Post* was budgeting up to \$1 million to get Mengele.

"All he [Dunleavy] cared about was the *Post*'s exclusivity on the story. He was basically leaving it all to me," White says. "Like, we were paying the rangers \$5,000 apiece, but [the *Post*] would be giving me the money and I'd be giving it to them.

SO WHAT

if he had a Uruguayan accent," White says. "In Tootsie, Dustin Hoffman learned to talk like a woman"

They were separating themselves from that. . . . They didn't care whether it was wet or dry."

Wet? Dry?

"Wet—meaning, how much blood."

TEL AVIV; FEBRUARY 4, 1985. After setting up the deal with Dunleavy, Richard White showed the photos and forensic reports to the concentration camp survivors. "They said, 'My God, you've finally done it.'" But they urged White to go to the experts in this kind of business: the Israeli Mossad.

White was torn. At the *Post*, White says, Dunleavy said, *Forget it, go ahead with the capture and leave the Israelis out of it.* The concentration camp survivors pointed out that the rangers were cowboys: they'd promised not to bring guns, but there was no saying what they would do.

Richard White thought about bloodlust.

"I didn't trust them," he says. "I'd seen the bloodlust come up in revolutionary situations. Heavy breathing. Frothing at the mouth. The veneer of civilization in Homo sapiens is very thin. We regress to our animal state very quickly, and that's bloodlust."

He decided to go to Israel. The *Post* sent him and Lachman and continued to pick up the expenses.

They met with Israeli officials for hours on the top floor of a Tel Aviv hotel. The Israelis said they agreed with the forensic experts but didn't want White and the *Post* doing the operation. They didn't even want them along, and they couldn't guarantee the exclusive. "I told them, 'Get on board, the train's leaving the station,'" White says.

"And then they hijacked my train."

Dunleavy didn't like the new plan. White says, "I remember vividly sitting in that hotel room in Tel Aviv and Charlie getting off the phone and saying, 'Dunleavy says, *Fuck it, we'll take our business elsewhere.*'"

And yet a deal was cut. "The deal we cut, Charlie and I cut," White says. "I can't tell you the deal. It would have damaging consequences."

Planes flew every which way; people got double-crossed. Lachman and White flew back to New York. The *Post*, worried that Sztemberg might try to make the grab for Mengele on his own, flew him and his femme fatale wife to New York, dangling the possibility of the Desert Eagle .357 Magnum semi-automatic pistol he'd always wanted for his collection. (By this time, the reward for Mengele was approaching \$3 million.) The Israelis flew to Uruguay by themselves but kept White and Lachman posted.

"Our people are in Chile, and the bird's still in the cage," the Israelis called to say. Chile was Uruguay. The bird was Mengele.

And then one morning at 3:00 a.m. the Israelis called Lachman and said, "Nope. Wrong guy. We've pulled out."

Lachman promptly called White at the Sheraton. "Charlie was devastated," White says. "I went back to sleep. There was nothing I could do, so why not get a good night's sleep."

Lachman and White decided they didn't believe the Mossad. Later White would say that some prominent Uruguayan Jew had put the kibosh on it. Or the CIA had put the squeeze on the Israelis. White had 70 hours of his taped narrations and conversations destined to become a best-seller. Now the Israelis had gone and blown the last chapter.

Then somehow—Sztemberg? John?—the networks got on the story. NBC taped Branaa from a distance. ABC called up Richard White for help. White resisted. Helping them wasn't going to help his cause. "You guys are looking for *stories* about Nazis, I'm in the business of *hunting* Nazis."

Finally he sold his information about Branaa to ABC for \$15,000. ABC confronted Branaa. No Russian binoculars, no tranquilizing darts, no black rubber Zodiac boat with special winch attachment. "The idea of kidnapping Josef Mengele is something we would never consider," ABC correspondent John Martin said recently. Martin says his colleague Frank Manitzas approached Branaa and asked him if he was Mengele.

Branaa said a terrible mistake had been made. He produced birth records, business colleagues. He was a man of prominence in Uruguay. His son was a local TV personality. Even his accent checked out. It was pure Uruguay.

"So what, he had a Uruguayan accent," White says. "Speech therapy is a different thing these

days. In *Tootsie*, Dustin Hoffman learned to talk like a woman."

Then Richard White went into the hospital to find out what was wrong. His diagnosis read like *The Merck Manual*. Parasites. Amoebas. Herniated cervical disk (that Salvadoran mule). Mononucleosis. Malaria that had gone so long undiagnosed, he might never be rid of it. Anemia. Bleeding ulcers from all the aspirin. High blood pressure.

The doctors told him to get plenty of rest.

SÃO PAULO; JUNE 1985. About the time doctors were drawing blood from Richard White's arm, West German police uncovered a clue that ultimately led to a Brazilian couple who had harbored Mengele for years on their farm. He'd drowned six years ago while swimming, they said. In a São Paulo suburb, the Brazilian police opened a grave marked WOLFGANG GERHARD. Ellis Kerley, the Maryland anthropologist who had given White and Lachman the go-ahead, went down to examine the bones. The teeth checked out. So did an old fracture of the pelvis. Kerley signed a report that said the skeleton was Mengele "within a reasonable scientific certainty." What about his having called the *Post's* photographs 95 percent sure? "I always emphasized the fact there was a 5 percent probability they were *not* the same person," he says.

The New York Times put Mengele's skull on the front page. The world closed the case.

Richard White said if they only looked, they'd find Josef Mengele's fingerprints on those bones.

FEDERAL COURTHOUSE, NEW YORK; AUGUST 1985. The exclusive million-dollar capture had all come down to this—something you might see on *The People's Court*: The *Post* was welshing on \$17,000 of the Nazi-hunting fee. Dunleavy refused to take White's calls. Richard Alan White—three names once destined for marquees and statuary—hired a lawyer with spelling problems to sue Murdoch's *Post*. The suit said "Mangele," "accomodations," "anthropoligists," "retreived," "it's" for *its*, "principle" for *principal*, "Bathesda" for *Bethesda*.

Murdoch's lawyer responded that the \$500-a-day figure was "combat pay." Combat didn't mean flying to Israel or lounging around the New York Sheraton. Besides, White was to be paid for the capture. Not the investigation. Had there been a capture? No. The *Post's* lawyer went White's lawyer one better on the spelling: "Bathesday."

They settled out of court. White says he got \$14,000—\$20,000 counting earlier payments. Throw in BMWs (several); beach towels, chairs and umbrellas; binoculars; buffalo steak; Camembert, French bread and Uruguayan cured ham (stakeout munchies); camera equipment; a cooler; dark clothing; countless plane flights; fishing rods; hotels; international phone calls; knives; playboy-

quality luggage; money belts; shovels (for the fox-hole); sunglasses; suntan lotion; and super-high-beam flashlights, and Murdoch had spent over \$100,000 on the deal, says White.

As for Murdoch, he denied through a spokesman that the *Post* had hired White and that he had okayed a million dollars in expenses for the Mengele hunt. This is somewhat at odds with his lawyer's admission two years ago that the *Post* paid White for tracking down a man believed to be Mengele, but Murdoch did not respond to further questions.

None of the other journalists (except John Martin) want to talk, either. Lachman initially agreed to confirm facts for this story off the record, but after seeing a skeletal account of White's story, he backed out. He won't even state his age. "People would figure out who gave you that." Dan Brinzac doesn't return calls. *Post* editor in chief Roger Wood declines comment. Steve Dunleavy, now at Channel 5, failed to return numerous phone calls. "I'd say you should be very careful about what you say I did," Frank Manitzas of ABC says. But he won't talk about it, except to say, "The story is, everyone got sucked in and fucked, which I don't want to be quoted on... and I know you're writing this down, which is against the law."

Wait a second. *What's against the law?*

"Aw, fuck," he says and hangs up.

FORT LAUDERDALE. The world is a giant seesaw. The scoundrels are at one end and the fools are at the other, making it go up and down. The rest of us are in the middle, decent but pragmatic, holding on for all we've got. But when the seesaw starts going too fast, we get dizzy and start to creep out a bit to try to slow it down.

Which way to go? A terrible choice, but really there's only one way out: hang on to the fool.

The phone rings and rings on Middle Hooper Island, in the Chesapeake, making the spluttering noise rural phones make, but Richard Alan White isn't there. Not on Wood Island, Grand Manan Island, Cuba or any of the other romantic islands on which he's writhed over the years. He isn't in Bathesday. Or Bathesda. Or Bethesda. Nor at the left-wing think tank in Washington.

Through a buddy, his mother, his stepsister, White is tracked down at last. He's somewhere in Florida, about to hit the road.

"The way I look at it, I have 400 months left to live. That will take me into my mid-seventies. It just isn't long enough to sell out for. The last two or three months went by so quickly. And the last two years *zipped* by.

"I'm rethinking things. I don't like the term *midlife crisis*. It's trite. I'm positioning myself outside the main activity. In part, I don't like the species. *Homo sapiens*. . . ." ☺

**PLACES
WHERE YOU
OUGHT TO
BE ABLE
TO SMOKE**

LEO BURNETT, U.S.A. 14

950 Third Avenue
The advertising agency
of the top-selling ciga-
rette brand (Marlboro).

High School of Art

Design, 1075 Second Avenue
If you can't sneak a cigarette here, you can't sneak one anywhere.

15 A movie company built its reputation

of Humphrey Bogart, Bette Davis and Paul Henreid should allow smoking in its building.

smoking in its build

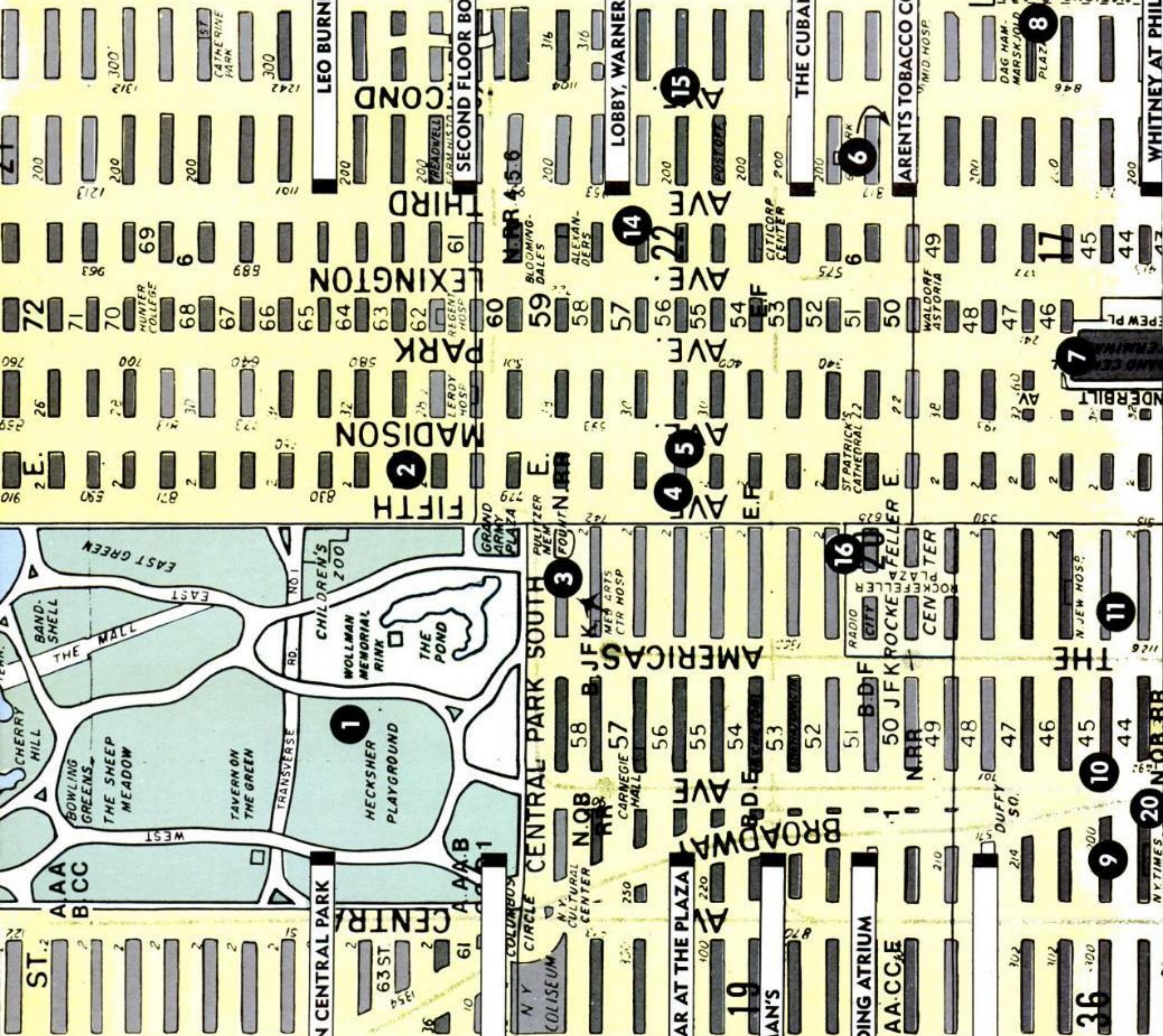
MISSION 17

number 8.

SECTION 18

Streets

housed on the third floor of the main library, the Arents Collection has about 10,000 books and manuscripts on tobacco history, literature and lore.



45th and 46th Streets
Light up a short, fat cigar in honor of Leona. Better: light up a short, fat, smuggled-in Havana—they're tax-free!

8 TURKISH EMBASSY

821 UN Plaza
Foreign consulates are exempt. And what Turk would ever complain about cigarette smoke?

9 SHUBERT ALLEY

44th and 45th Streets between Broadway and Eighth Avenue
At intermission theatergoers congregate to smoke, wonder why they shelled out \$37.50 for *I'm Not Rappaport* and talk about the Sad State of the Theater.

10 MEZZ. LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA

Broadway at 44th Street
Sit back, relax and enjoy the smoke.

11 HOTEL ALGONQUIN

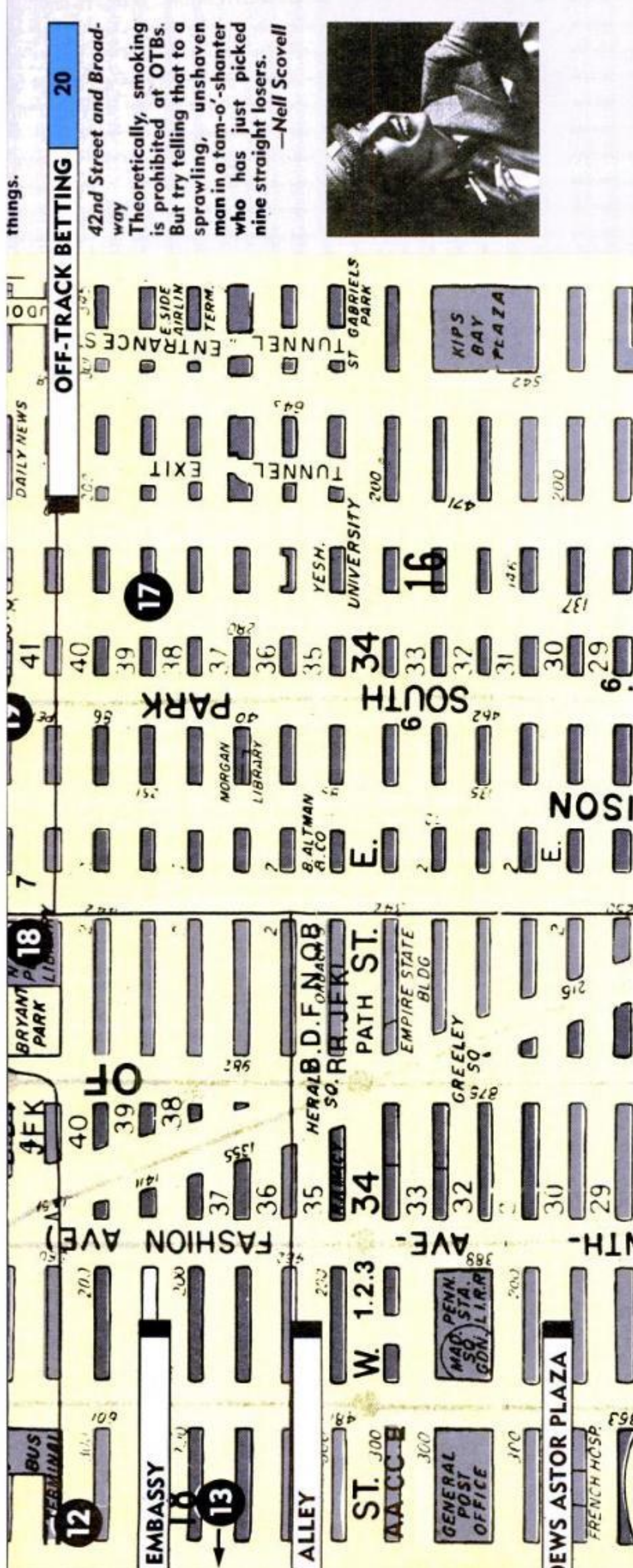
59 West 44th Street
Such a great country! You're allowed to smoke in a rented room. And lighting a cigar here will freshen the air.

12 NEW MID-CITY LANES

550 Ninth Avenue
The Public Health Council says it's okay to smoke in 75 percent of the area "directly behind and immediately contiguous to the bowler settee area." Why? It may have something to do with seven-ten split-induced stress.

13 JAVITS CONVENTION CENTER

655 West 34th Street
Smoking restrictions "shall not apply to... conventions and to trade shows open to the public if the sponsor or organizer gives notice..." But won't you feel the wretch when you make the long trek to Eleventh Avenue just to have a cigarette?



THE SPY MAP

NEW YORK
for
SMOKERS

*(You May Be
Required to
Walk a Mile
for a Camel)*

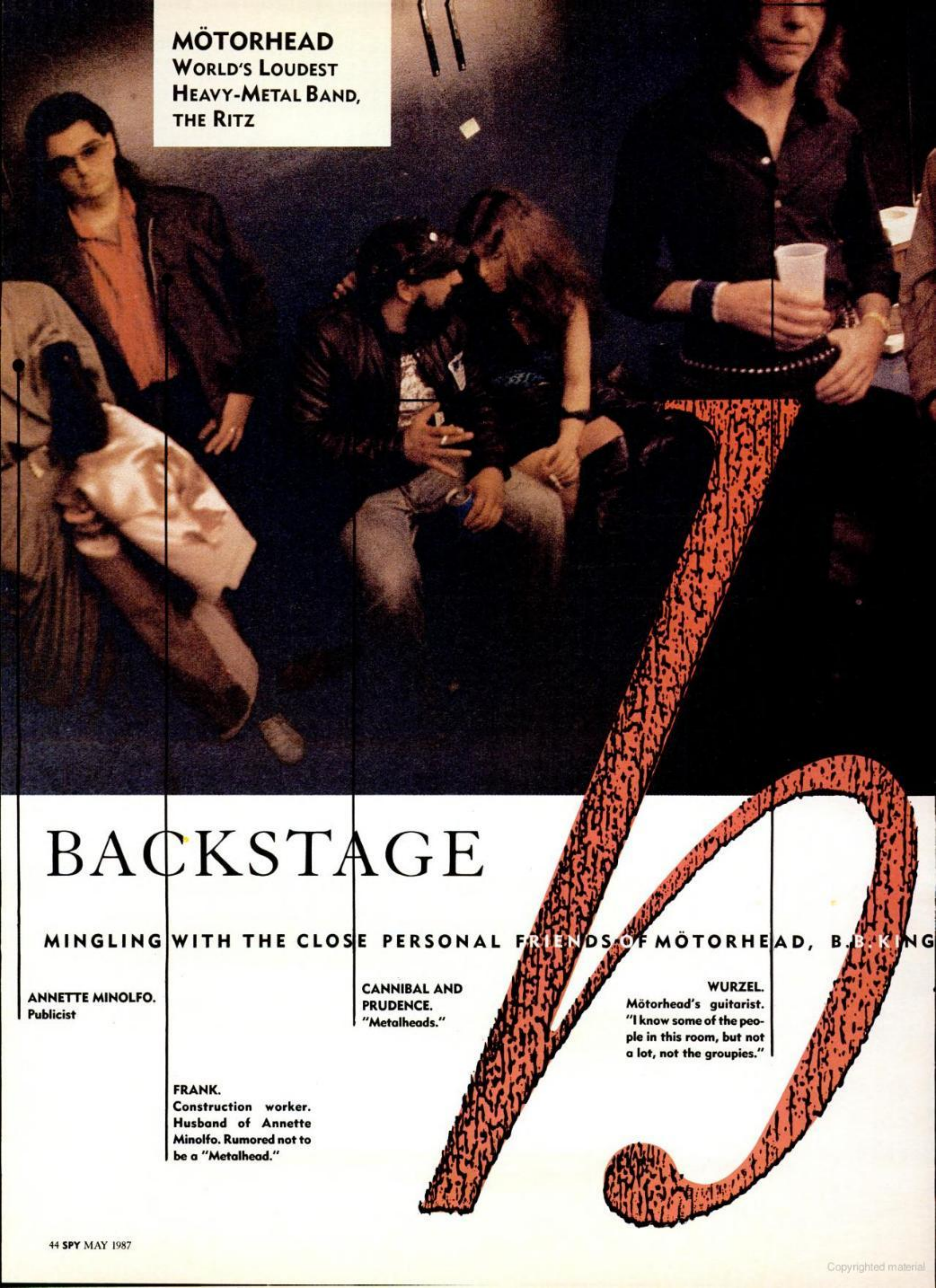
"No person shall smoke or carry a lighted cigar, cigarette, pipe or any other form of smoking object or device in any indoor area open to the public..."
—New York Public Health Law, Section 25.2

Beginning this month, smoking is banned in stores, banks, lobbies, courthouses and other enclosed public spaces. With this fascistic civic stroke, smokers, once the pillars of the community, have been made brothers and sisters in a new urban resistance movement, forced to light up furtively, often at odd hours and in uncomfortable surroundings.

To the smoking purist, the clandestine puff on a rooftop or the quick drag on a sidewalk is neither satisfying nor conducive to reflection and animated conversation. As a public service, SPY is providing smokers with some happy exceptions to the new law. And we're going even further: here also are some locations where a coalition of prochoice smoking activists have determined that you *ought* to be able to smoke. **Warning:** Keep the Binaca at hand, and if you get caught, you're on your own.



OFF-TRACK BETTING 20
42nd Street and Broadway
Theoretically, smoking is prohibited at OTBs. But try telling that to a sprawling, unshaven man in a tam-o'-shanter who has just picked nine straight losers.
—Neil Scovell



MÖTORHEAD
WORLD'S LOUDEST
HEAVY-METAL BAND,
THE RITZ

BACKSTAGE

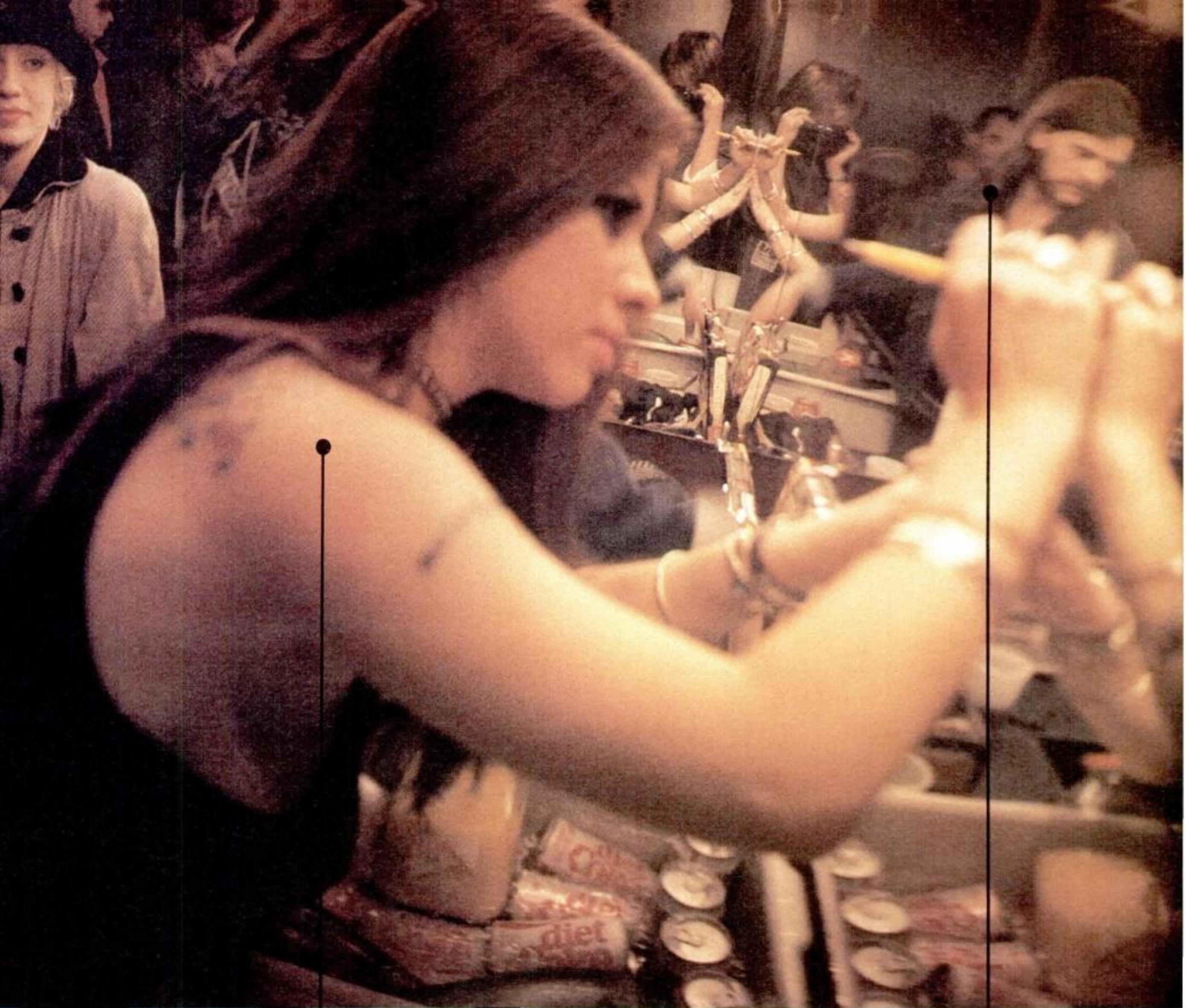
MINGLING WITH THE CLOSE PERSONAL FRIENDS OF MÖTORHEAD, B.B. KING

ANNETTE MINOLFO.
Publicist

**CANNIBAL AND
PRUDENCE.**
"Metalheads."

FRANK.
Construction worker.
Husband of Annette
Minolfo. Rumored not to
be a "Metalhead."

WURZEL.
Mötorhead's guitarist.
"I know some of the peo-
ple in this room, but not
a lot, not the groupies."



DINA.
Lemmy's girlfriend.

LEMMY.
Lead singer, legend.

Not pictured: groupies

THE RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, JACKIE MASON AND SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

ANET.
Works for Bruce Kirk-
and of Second Vision
marketing. Bruce identi-
fies her as Lemmy's wife.
No," she says, "I'm his
mother."

Article by
LYNN GELLER

Photographs by
KAREN KUEHN

IT ISN'T WORTH IT. Not the comps, the screen-
ings, the guest lists, the proximity to (gasp) ce-
lebrities. When you've been in the business—
and by that, of course, we mean show busi-
ness—as long as we have, it takes more than a
PR department—arranged brush with fame to
make us eager to hurry home to Dear Diary.
And at no time is our hard-earned ennui
brought more to the fore than when, excuses
finally exhausted, we are prevailed upon ➤➤

to go backstage. Just to say hello.

We've been there. We've told Jerry what a beautiful guy he is and gushed over the \$10-million gross from his last movie. We've perjured ourselves telling Sandy how she looked as young out there tonight as she did when we first caught her sensational act 20 years ago. We've stood in the crush of smug losers who live off the scraps of entertainment's fringe: journalists, publicists, the stars and the stars' people and people visiting the stars and their people.

Take it from us. It isn't worth it. When the performance is over and you're struggling with your coat, and that all-too-pleased-with-themselves group is clustered expectantly around that certain door, count yourself lucky. You can go home, or out with friends for drinks or dinner. The hangers-on have to put in time... in that very special place, with those very special people—in that very special world known as Backstage Hell.

B. B. KING BLUES LEGEND, THE APOLLO THEATRE

WILLIS "BEBOP" EDWARDS JR.

King's road manager for 37 years. "All I know how to do is count money and make love."

CHARLES SAWYER.

Author of *The Arrival of B. B. King*. "I first became acquainted with B.B. at Lenny's, on the Turnpike in Boston."

SID SEIDENBERG.

King's manager. "I was B.B.'s accountant—I'm a CPA. He insisted that I manage him. That was 22 years ago."



LATASHA KING.
King's 14-year-old granddaughter.

B. B. KING.
Guitarist.

BOB SEIDENBERG.
Son of Sid.

STEVE DAVIS
(partially obscured).
One of King's agents.

Not pictured: Joe McClendon. King's personal valet. "I've been with Mr. King for six years. I met Bebop in Georgia. I was in the Air Force at the time and working at a hotel. The hotel manager introduced me to Bebop, and he introduced me to Mr. King."

Moving quickly from side to side:
BISTRA LANKOVA.
Writer and wife of Charles Sawyer.



JODY WENIG.
Another of King's agents.



KIPS BAY BOYS' CLUB



Decorator Show House 1987

A Townhouse built in 1900
for P. Leicester Ford

at

53 East 77th Street, New York City
(between Madison and Park Avenue)

*Property lent to the Kips Bay Boys' Club
through the generosity of the Schnurmacher Family*

April 29 through May 17

Monday through Saturday: 11 a.m.-4:30 p.m.

Sunday: noon-4:30 p.m.

Tuesday and Thursday evenings: until 7:30 p.m.

Admission \$10, including Journal

Children under 6 not admitted

Featuring the following designers:

David Barrett, Inc. □ Bilhuber, Inc.

Rheda Brandt-Interior Design, Inc.

Ronald Bricke & Associates, Inc. □ Mario Buatta, Inc.

George Constant, Inc. □ Garcia, McMaster & Biddle

Leah Lenney Interiors, Ltd. □ McMillen, Inc.

Juan Montoya Design Corp. □ Josef Pricci, Ltd.

David Salomon □ Marshall/Schule Associates Inc.

Southport Design, Ltd.

A benefit for the Kips Bay Boys' Club

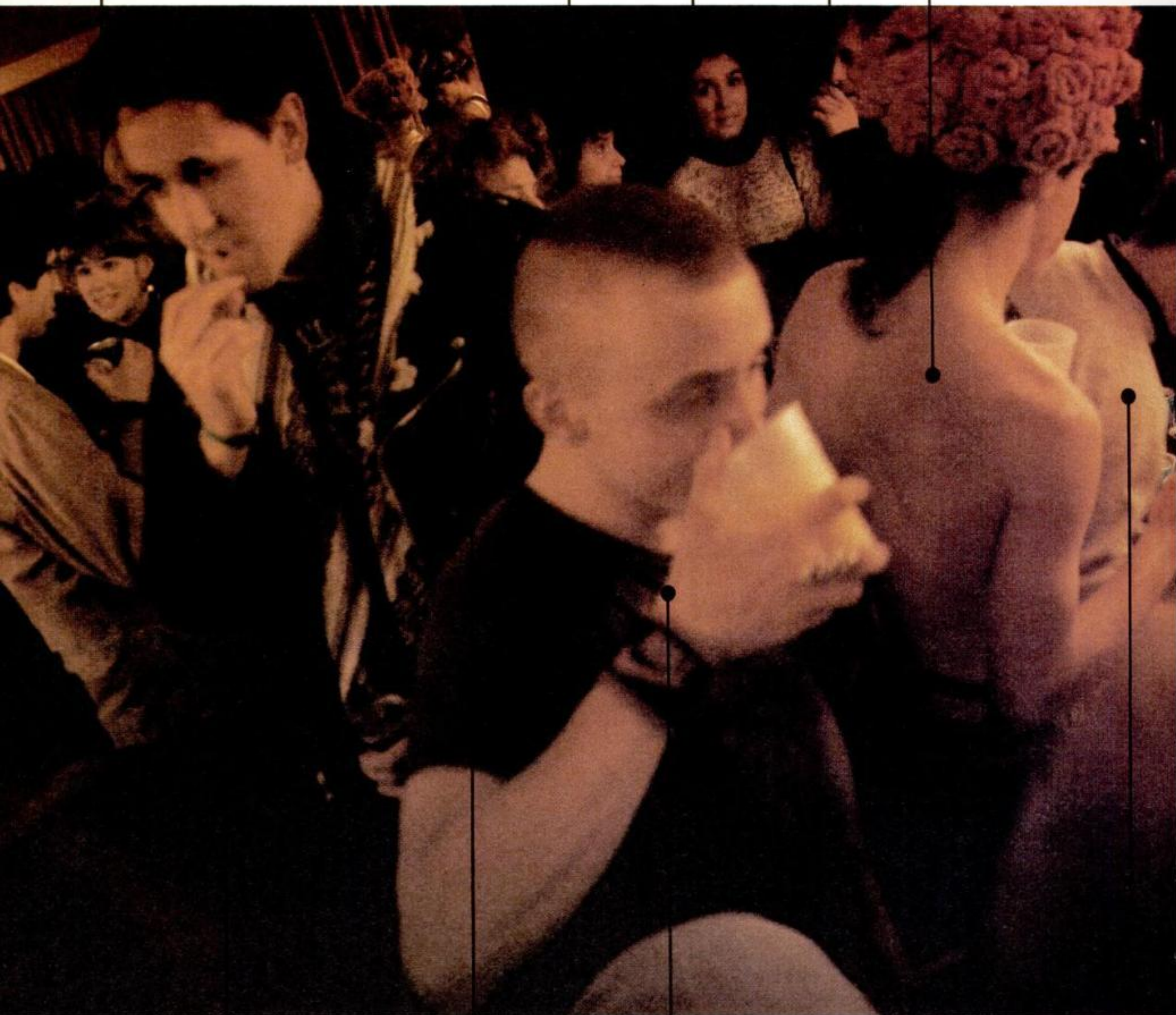
JED AND PAIGE.
She works for Elite, the modeling agency. He works "in finance" but knows Hillel, the Peppers' guitarist, from his Los Angeles days.

JOAN TARSHIS.
The Peppers' publicist.

STAN MACK.
Cartoonist.

STAN MACK'S FRIEND.

JACK.
The drummer.



IVAN.
"I used to work at a radio station, and I'm a supporter of the band."

C. C. STAR.
Designs clothes for heavy-metal and hard-core bands.

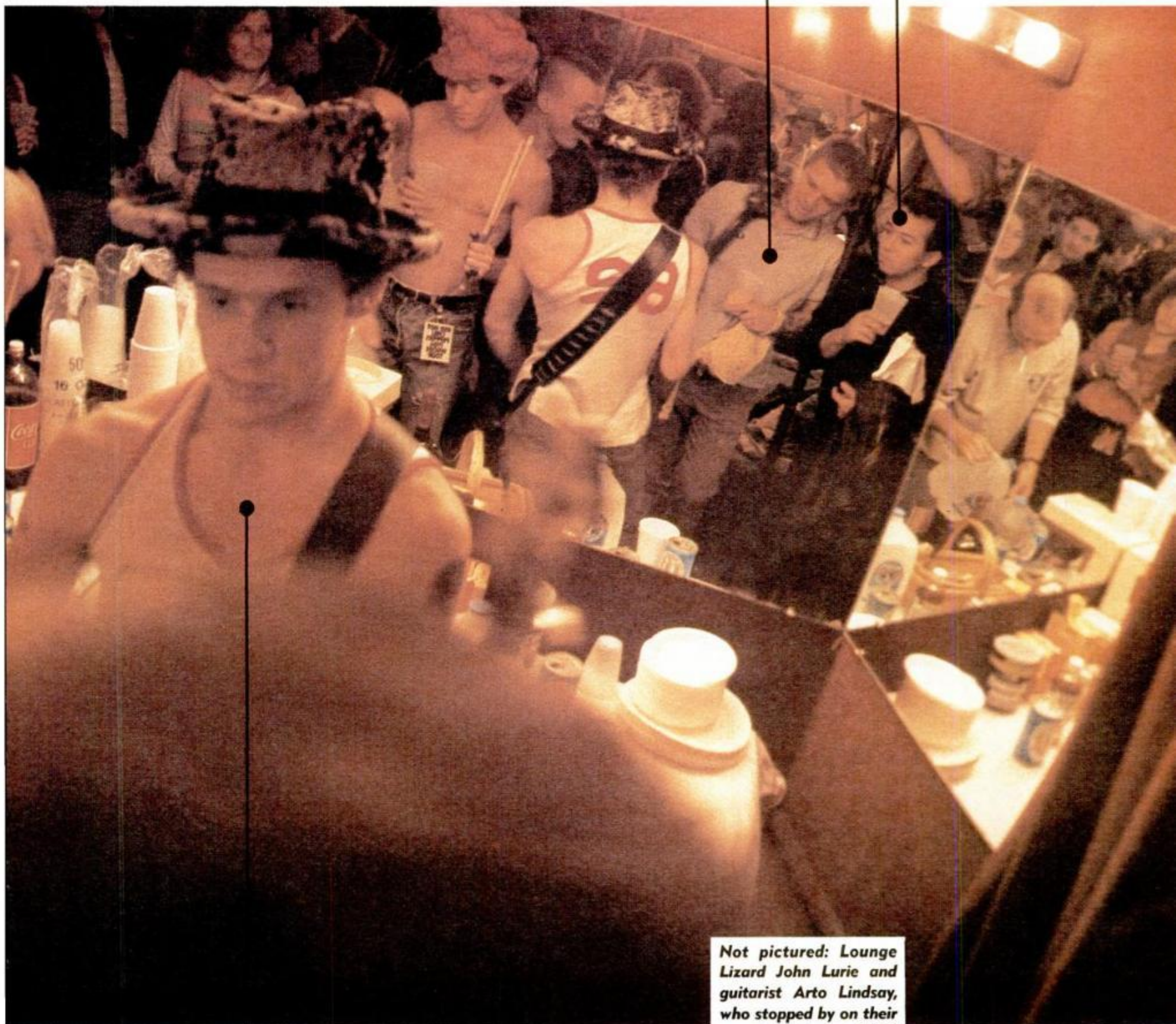
UNIDENTIFIED CRO-MAG #1.
The Cro-Mags are a thrash-metal Hare Krishna band (possibly the thrash-metal Hare Krishna band backstage tonight). "We just met them," said the Cro-Mag about the Peppers, "but we like them a lot."

LINDY.
The manager.

**THE RED HOT
CHILI PEPPERS
UNIMPORTANT
POP BAND, THE RITZ**

MICHAEL ALAGO.
Legendary A&R person
from Elektra. He says
Elektra would like to
sign the band.

**UNIDENTIFIED
CRO-MAG #2.**



FLEA.
The bass player and, of
course, one of the stars
of the film *Suburbia*.

*Not pictured: Lounge
Lizard John Lurie and
guitarist Arto Lindsay,
who stopped by on their
way from Florent, 1018,
S.O.B.'s, Area, Madam
Rosa and Nell's. "We're
going to miss our dead-
line," John complained
to Arto. "We had this
rule, ten minutes in every
club. So far, we've been
here 20 minutes."*



JACKIE "YOU PICKED ME OUT OF ALL THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD?" MASON.

"We have two minutes left here, because then we go into overtime and it will be a \$40,000 picture."

CLIFF RUBIN.

"I work for the Dr. Ruth show. I pick the phone calls." (Jackie was a guest on *Ask Dr. Ruth*.)

"JOHN J. DOE."

ARI ADLER.

JONATHAN RUBIN.
Cliff's little brother.



BOBBY ZAREM.

Preternaturally energetic. Owns Zarem Inc. Stopping by after attending a concert at Carnegie Hall. *I laughed harder this time than I did the first time I saw you, Jackie. And believe me, sweetheart—you're not being identified as just a "Jewish comic." You have crossover appeal. Everyone tells me.*

NORMAN ADLER.

Ari's father. "We're from Philadelphia. I was here for a lecture at City U. I just took a chance sometimes people are nice and let you downstairs."

SUNNY.

Jonathan and Cliff's grandmother. Her daughter—Jonathan and Cliff's mother—went to Jackie's appearance on *Ask Dr. Ruth* and asked Jackie whether he was funny in bed.

JOHN SHEGERIAN.

John brought his wife, Tammy (not pictured), to see the show for her birthday and then used it as an excuse to get downstairs. "It's my birthday, and it was my husband's idea," she said. "Let's see if I can get down there." He's an autograph collector.

Not pictured: Steve Barber, friend of Bobby's; Steven Starr, Jackie's agent; Eric Hughes, works for Bobby; Tracy Ladd, friend of Stephen's; Jeff Gurian, cosmetic dentist/comedy writer who is writing a script for Jackie; Morris Resner, friend of Jackie's; Jyll, Jackie's manager ("We'll buy SPY when Jackie's in it"); Shannon Taylor, Jackie's personal counsel and shortest member of Jackie's "rat pack."

JACKIE MASON
THE WORLD
ACCORDING TO ME!,
THE BROOKS
ATKINSON THEATRE

"These are the reasons I don't read that magazine Spy:

SPY is new, and I don't like new things.
It calls itself The New York Monthly.
It makes fun of Republicans.
It makes fun of Democrats.
It makes fun of Donald Trump.
SPY names names, and that's just not nice.
There's too much writing in SPY.
SPY doesn't tell me what kind of cheese
to buy, or where to meet chicks.
SPY doesn't know when to quit.
Who wants a sassy, funny magazine,
anyway?"



He may not read SPY, but you should.
It's the most talked about magazine in
America. Subscribe right now and save
32% off the newsstand price. *And with a
No-Risk Guarantee: you may cancel your
subscription at any time, and we'll rush you
a full refund on all unmailed copies.*

.....
☐ YES! Please send me one year of SPY—
10 jam-packed issues—for only \$16.97.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

APARTMENT _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

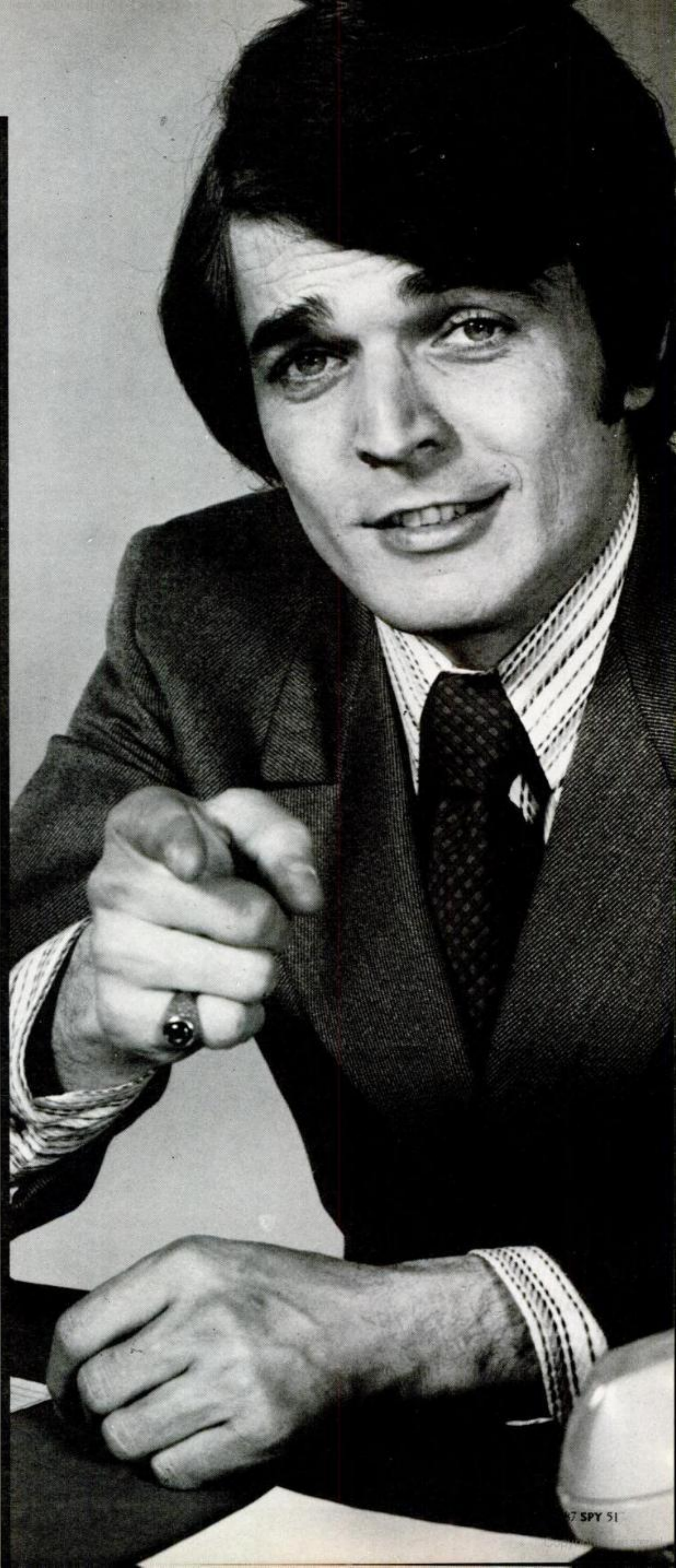
ZIP _____

☐ My check is enclosed ☐ Bill me

Mail to SPY, 295 Lafayette Street, NYC 10012

Please allow 6 weeks for delivery to begin.

7755



DENNIS MILLER.
Arrogant, remarkably
unfunny *SNL* cast mem-
ber.

STEPHEN SABAN.
Journalist, man-about-
town. "I had the best
time I ever had in my life,
and I'm not a young
girl."

TONY.
Llama.

**UNIDENTIFIED NBC
PAGE.**
Headed for certain
stardom.



**MARSHALL
LHERAULT.**
Freelance recording en-
gineer. But he some-
times handles animals,
in this case for a compa-
ny called New Jersey
Animal Handler.

BILL SCHENIMAN.
"I'm a recording engi-
neer and tech adviser for
the broadcast mix."
Seen nuzzling Tony ear-
lier ("He's a new friend").

WALTER THOMAS.
Features editor of *Scene*
magazine. Has an agent.

*Not pictured: Jim Si-
gnorelli, producer of par-
ody commercials. Des-
perately wanted to be
quoted but was hiding in
his office when photo-
graph was taken.*

**SATURDAY
NIGHT LIVE
SUCCESSOR TO
THE NEW SHOW,
NBC**

HIRAM ORTIZ.
Freelance makeup art-
ist. "I was here to do
Deb, to do that messy
hairdo you saw. That's
how she likes it."

SUZY.

In charge of putting together scrapbook for host.

DEBBIE HARRY.
Star of *Teaneck Tanzi*.

MICHELLE.
NBC page.

SANDY.
NBC page.



CHRIS STEIN.
Paramour of star of *Teaneck Tanzi*.

PAULA DAVIS.
Assistant to associate producer Dinah Minot.
"Talk a lot about me."
Okay.

TRACY.
SNL production assistant.



the Leg Market, *ltd.*



CARNEGIE HILL'S
Legwear Shop
for Men, Women & Children

1427 Lexington Avenue
(bet. 93rd & 94th Sts.)

831-3500

• *CHRISTIAN DIOR, CALVIN KLEIN,*
HANES, BURLINGTON plus many other
designer name brands.

• *Delivery with minimum purchase.*

• *Custom gift packages.*

• *M-F: 12-8, Sat.: 11-7, Sun.: 11-6*

ARE YOUR EMPLOYEES AFRAID OF COMPUTER AUTOMATION?

Let Micro Technologies show those employees how to effectively use computer automation and have fun while doing it!

We at Micro Technologies are automation and accounting system experts. Allow us to help you and your staff learn to become the experts.

20

MICRO TECHNOLOGIES INC.

575 Madison Ave.
Suite 1006
NY, NY. 10022
(212) 605-0119

THE SPY ALL-STARS



Team No. 1:

LAWYERS With this set of trading cards, SPY presents its starting nine New York lawyers. Future installments of SPY cards will pay tribute to the most valuable players in other fields (balloting to select the Television All-Stars and Wall Street All-Stars is under way), but here the league in question is the LL.D. ★ This is a lineup to be reckoned with. SPY's all-stars weren't picked because they made Law Review 20 years

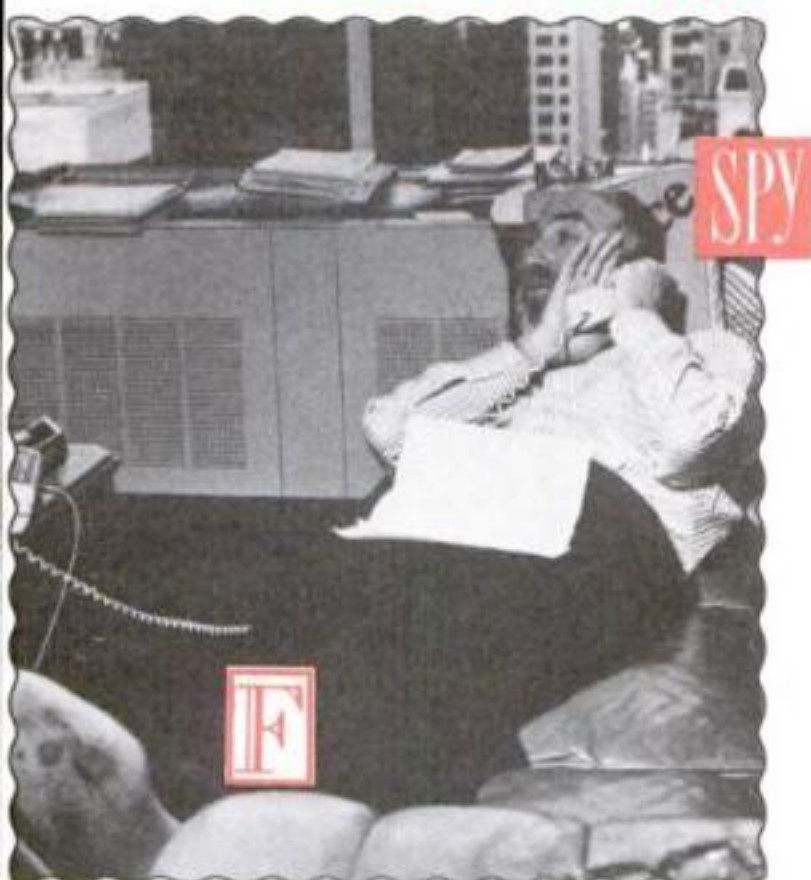
**Making the
Legal All-Stars
Requires a
Steel-Trap Mind,
Bare-Knuckle
Litigation Skills,
a Fondness for
Torts and a
Willingness to
Earn an
Obscenely High
Salary**

ago or because they own the largest private collection of wing tips in North America. They probably did and probably do, but they were chosen based on their excellent stats in the categories that matter most in the legal profession: annual compensation, trial won-lost record, colorful career highlights and BR (billing rate). They had the numbers and they had the experience. ★ Why the baseball card format? Because law, like everything else, is a little like baseball: whether you're pulling the ball or serving papers, it's all in the wrists. Also, because cards are handy as references, and—minus the hard, sharp-edged stick of gum—safe. ★ And a good investment to boot. These cards will certainly appreciate in value, so if you keep them in a shoe box, take care not to let your mother throw it away. It is sickening, after all, to realize that if you still had that '54 Willie Mays, you might be in a position to afford one of these attorneys. On the other hand, unearth that '66 Roger Repoz and you've got a bookmark or a coaster. But SPY guarantees there are no Tom Treshes here, only Mickey Mantles. And it will be interesting to see, 15 years from now, which is worth more: (1) David Boies

(2) A David Boies (mint condition)

★ The Legal All-Stars. Collect 'em. Swap 'em. Retain 'em.

Legal ALL★STARS



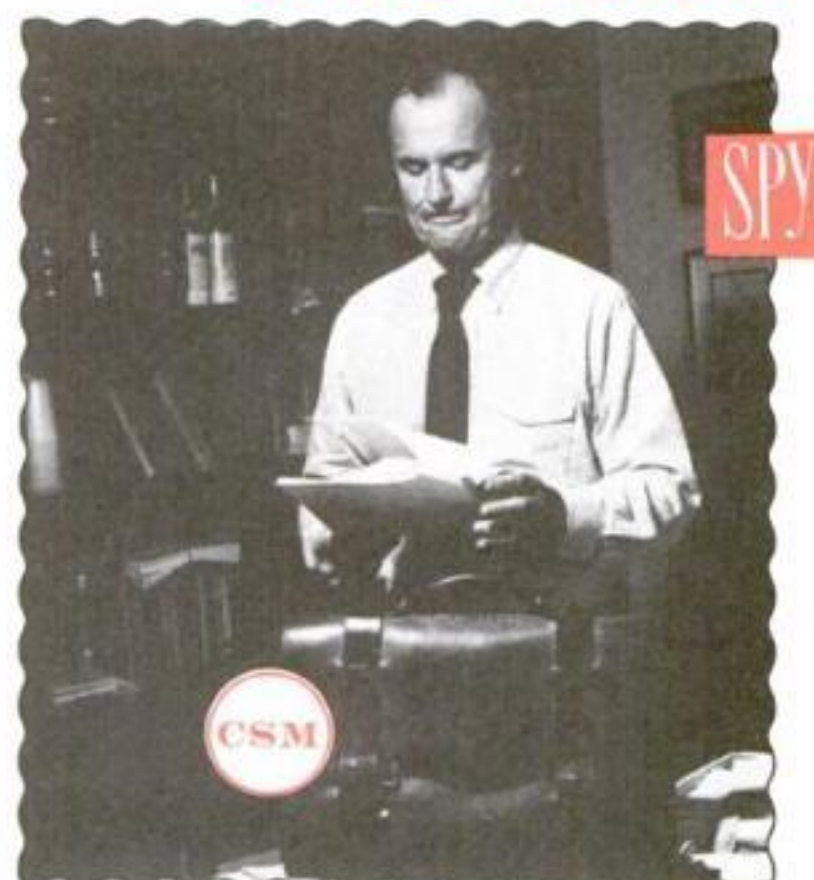
RAOUL LIONEL FELDER
DIVORCE LAWYER

Legal ALL★STARS



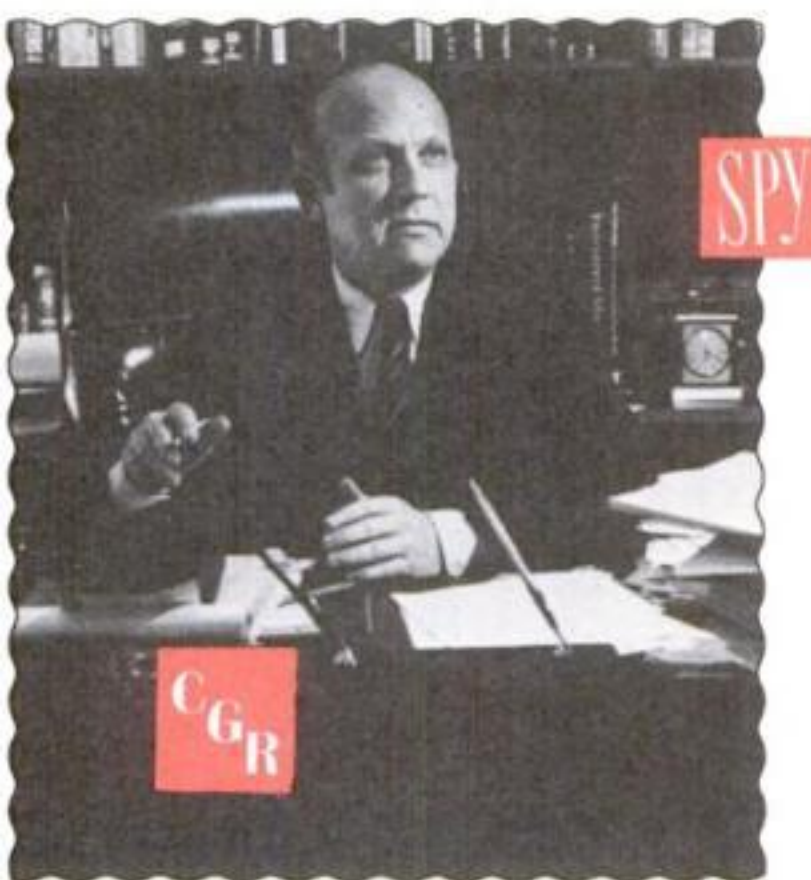
ROBERT SACK
LIBEL LAWYER

Legal ALL★STARS



DAVID BOIES
CORPORATE LITIGATOR

Legal ALL★STARS



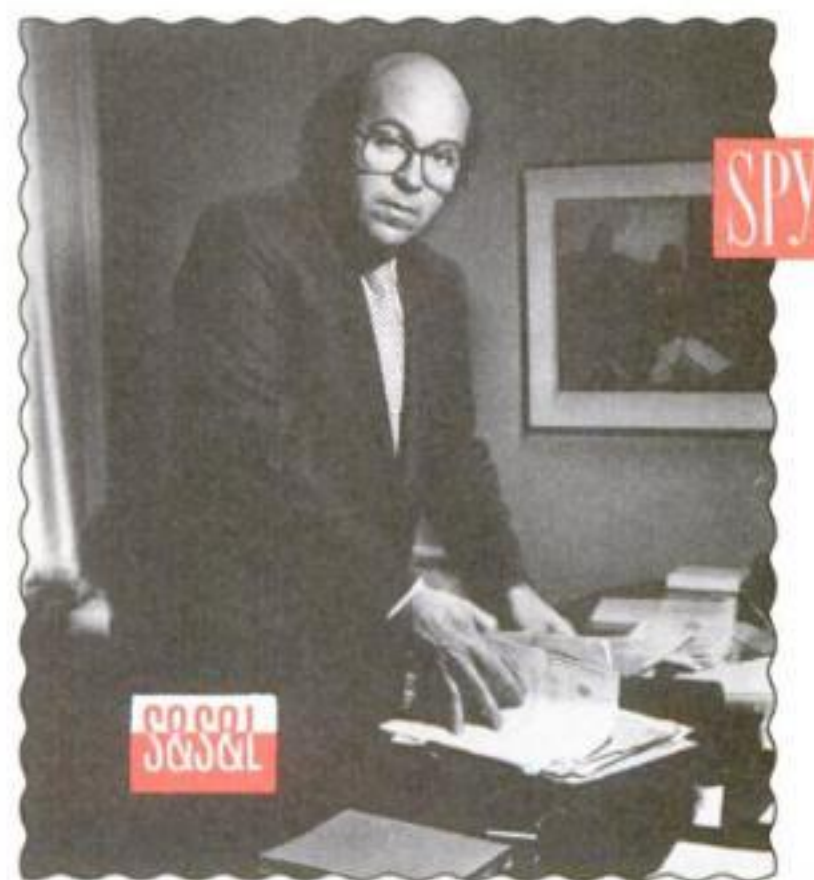
FLOYD ABRAMS
FIRST-AMENDMENT LAWYER

Legal ALL★STARS



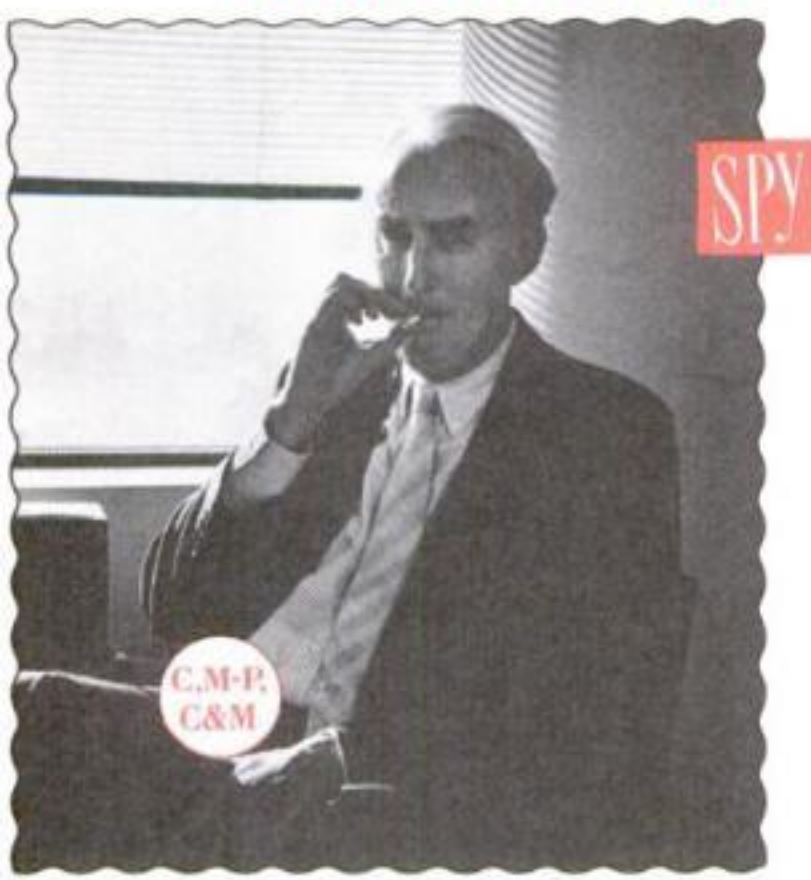
MICHAEL ARMSTRONG
WHITE-COLLAR DEFENSE LAWYER

Legal ALL★STARS



THOMAS PUCCIO
CRIMINAL DEFENSE LAWYER

Legal ALL★STARS



PETER FLEMING
WHITE-COLLAR DEFENSE LAWYER

Legal ALL★STARS



LINDA FAIRSTEIN
PROSECUTOR

Legal ALL★STARS



GORDON SPIVACK
ANTITRUST LITIGATOR

BORN: 5-13-34, BROOKLYN, N.Y. HT: 5'7" WT: 170 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: THE BOMBER
EDUCATION: NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, UNIVERSITY OF BERG COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, SWITZERLAND, NEW YORK UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

Assistant U.S. Attorney, 1960-63
Private practice at his own firm,
1963-present

HIGHLIGHTS

First lawyer to break the \$1 million barrier for a divorce case fee. Clients include Brian De Palma, David Merrick, the former Mrs. Joseph Heller, the former Mrs. Martin Scorsese, the former Mrs. Huntington Hartford.

STATISTICS

CASES PER YEAR: 80 BILLABLE RATE: \$450 AN HOUR ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$3 MILLION



IN 1962 FELDER, PART OF THE FIRST ORGANIZED CRIME STRIKE FORCE, TOLD ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT KENNEDY HE DIDN'T BELIEVE THERE WAS A MAFIA. THE NEXT DAY KENNEDY KICKED HIM OFF THE STRIKE FORCE.

ROBERT SACK

LIBEL LAWYER

#4

BORN: 10-4-39, PHILADELPHIA, PENN. HT: 6'7" WT: 185 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: SACKO
EDUCATION: UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, COLUMBIA LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

Associate at Patterson, Belknap, Webb & Tyler, 1964-70; partner, 1970-86
Partner at Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher,
1986-present

HIGHLIGHTS

In 1974 Sack took a leave to be Senior Assistant Special Counsel for the House of Representatives during its inquiry into the impeachment of President Nixon. Legal adviser to *The Wall Street Journal*. In 1980 he published a book, *Libel, Slander, and Related Problems*.

STATISTICS

BILLABLE HOURS: 1,850 BILLING RATE: \$290 AN HOUR ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$300,000



SACK WENT THROUGH 20,000 PAGES OF JOURNAL REPORTER R. FOSTER WINANS'S NOTES, CUTTING OUT NAMES OF CONFIDENTIAL SOURCES. AFTERWARD HE DREAMED THAT HE WAS LEADER OF U.S. FORCES IN LEBANON BUT ARMED ONLY WITH SCISSORS.

DAVID BOIES

CORPORATE LITIGATOR

#7

BORN: 3-11-41, STAMFORD, ILL. HT: 5'11" WT: 175 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: NO NICKNAME (DOESN'T EVEN LIKE TO BE CALLED DAVE)
EDUCATION: UNIVERSITY OF REDLANDS, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, YALE LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

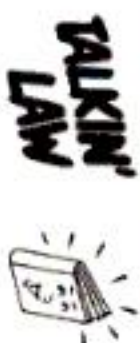
Associate at Cravath, Swaine & Moore, 1966-72; partner, 1973-present
Chief counsel to the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee, 1977-78
Chief counsel to the Senate Judiciary Committee, 1978-79

HIGHLIGHTS

As lead attorney for CBS, Boies successfully defended the company against libel charges made by General Westmoreland in 1984 and 1985. Currently lead attorney for Texaco in its ongoing struggle to overturn the \$8.5 billion judgment in favor of Pennzoil.

STATISTICS

TRIAL WON-LOST PERCENTAGE SINCE 1980: 13-1 BILLABLE HOURS: 2,500
BILLING RATE: \$300 AN HOUR ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$1 MILLION



EVERY YEAR BOIES, WHO HAS BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES, TAKES SOME OF HIS SIX CHILDREN ON A CROSS-COUNTRY JEEP TRIP.

BORN: 7-9-38, NEW YORK, N.Y. HT: 5'10" WT: 175 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: LADIE EDUCATION: CORNELL, YALE LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

Associate at Cahill Gordon & Reindel, 1963-70; partner, 1970-present
Visiting lecturer at Yale Law School, 1974-80, 1987
Visiting lecturer at Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, 1990
Visiting lecturer at Columbia Law School, 1981-85

HIGHLIGHTS

Co-counsel for *The New York Times* before the Supreme Court in the Pentagon Papers case in 1971. Recently lost a libel case for NBC in which Wayne Newton was awarded \$19.2 million.

STATISTICS

WON-LOST RECORD IN SUPREME COURT ORAL ARGUMENTS: 5-3 ANNUAL BILLABLE HOURS: 2,350
BILLING RATE: \$275 AN HOUR ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$1 MILLION (ESTIMATED)



ABRAMS WAS THE FIRST STUDENT IN CORNELL'S HISTORY TO WIN PUBLIC-SPEAKING CONTESTS THREE YEARS IN A ROW.

MICHAEL ARMSTRONG

WHITE-COLLAR DEFENSE LAWYER

#5

BORN: 12-14-32, NEW YORK, N.Y. HT: 6'7" WT: 215 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: NO NICKNAME (A STRAIGHT ARROW)
EDUCATION: YALE, HARVARD LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

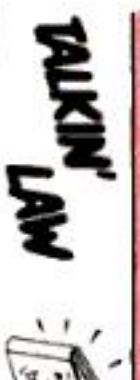
Associate at Cahill Gordon & Reindel, 1960-62; partner, 1968-73
Assistant U.S. Attorney, 1962-67
Chief counsel to the Knapp Commission, 1971-72
District Attorney of Queens County, 1973-74
Partner at Barrett Smith Schapiro Simon & Armstrong, 1974-present

HIGHLIGHTS

In 1966 Armstrong convicted financier Louis Wolfson of stock fraud in an investigation that eventually led to Justice Abe Fortas's resignation from the Supreme Court. Lawyer for Senator Alfonse D'Amato and late Queens Borough President Donald Manes.

STATISTICS

BILLABLE HOURS: 2,000 BILLING RATE: \$375 AN HOUR
ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$500,000



ARMSTRONG MOPPED UP THE BLOOD AFTER DONALD MANES COMMITTED SUICIDE IN 1986.

THOMAS PUCCIO

CRIMINAL DEFENSE LAWYER

#8

BORN: 9-12-44, NEW YORK, N.Y. HT: 5'11" WT: 165 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: LEFTHANDED NICKNAME: THE PUCHO
EDUCATION: FORDHAM, FORDHAM LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

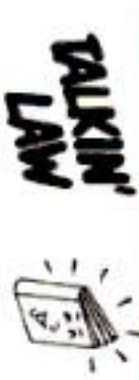
Assistant U.S. Attorney, 1969-72
Various executive positions, U.S. Attorney's Office, 1972-77
Attorney in Charge, U.S. Department of Justice Strike Force, 1977-82
Partner at Booth Lipton & Lipton, 1982-83
Partner at Strock & Strock & Lavan, 1985-present

HIGHLIGHTS

Chief prosecutor for Abscam investigation. Successfully defended Claus von Bülow in his 1985 retrial for attempted murder.

STATISTICS

TRIAL WON-LOST PERCENTAGE: .900 BILLING RATE: \$350 AN HOUR
ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$900,000 (ESTIMATED)



PUCCIO SUCCESSFULLY REPRESENTED TENNIS STAR VITAS GERULATIS, AVOIDING A GRAND JURY INDICTMENT FOR CONSPIRACY TO POSSESS COCAINE.

BORN: 6-18-29, ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, N.J. HT: 5'6" WT: 215 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: FLEM EDUCATION: PRINCETON, YALE LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

Assistant U.S. Attorney 1961-70
Partner at Curtis, Mallet-Prevost, Colt & Mosie, 1970-present

HIGHLIGHTS

In 1974 he successfully defended former Attorney General John Mitchell against charges of obstruction of justice, conspiracy and perjury. Currently representing officials at Drexel Burnham Lambert Inc. in the insider-trading scandal.

STATISTICS

TRIAL WON-LOST PERCENTAGE: .600 ANNUAL BILLABLE HOURS: 2,000-2,500
BILLING RATE: \$300 AN HOUR ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$500,000



FLEMING WROTE AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL, *THE GIANTS ACCORDING TO GROUSE*, ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCES AS A NEW YORK GIANTS FAN DURING THE 1984 SEASON.

LINDA FAIRSTEIN

PROSECUTOR

#6

BORN: 5-5-47, MOUNT VERNON, N.Y. HT: 5'8" WT: 135 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: LEGS EDUCATION: VASSAR, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

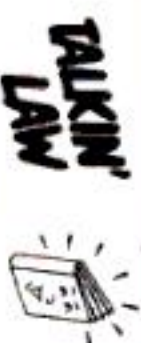
Prosecutor in the Manhattan District Attorney's Office, 1972-present; head of Sex Crimes Prosecution Unit since 1976

HIGHLIGHTS

Convicted the "Midtown Rapist." Currently prosecuting Robert Chambers for the Central Park murder of Jennifer Levin.

STATISTICS

TRIAL WON-LOST RECORD: 30-2 CASES SCREENED PER YEAR: 500-800
ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$80,000



VALERIE HARPER PLAYED A CHARACTER BASED ON FAIRSTEIN IN THE 1982 TELEMOVIE *FARRELL FOR THE PEOPLE*.

GORDON SPIVACK

ANTITRUST LITIGATOR

#9

BORN: 6-15-29, NEW HAVEN, CONN. HT: 5'10" WT: 200 LBS.
ENDORSES CHECKS: RIGHTHANDED NICKNAME: GORDO EDUCATION: YALE, YALE LAW SCHOOL

CAREER

Justice Department trial attorney, 1955-67 (lended as director of operations)
Associate professor, Yale Law School, 1967-70
Partner at Lord, Day & Lord, 1970-86
Visiting lecturer, Yale Law School, 1970-78
Partner at Couderc Brothers, 1986-present

HIGHLIGHTS

In August 1986, Gordon, then a chairman at Lord, Day & Lord, traded himself, his 20-lawyer antitrust division and over \$5 million worth of cases to Couderc Brothers after a dispute about how many of his associates would be made partners.

STATISTICS

BILLABLE HOURS: 2,300 BILLING RATE: \$325 AN HOUR
ANNUAL COMPENSATION: \$800,000



SPIVACK SPENDS HIS VACATION IN CANEEL BAY SITTING ON THE BEACH, READING DETECTIVE NOVELS. HIS FAVORITE AUTHOR IS ELLERY QUEEN.

ANNOUNCING SPY CLASSIFIEDS

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

will appear in each issue of SPY beginning in July. All orders by mail must be typed and prepaid by check or money

order. Phone orders

will be accepted with

MasterCard or Visa.

To estimate the cost,

count each letter, space

and punctuation mark in the classified you would like to run, and divide by 42.

The result is the number of lines in a typeset ad. Figure price accordingly

(see prices below). On request, we will

set the first line in all capital letters.

Minimum ad size is two lines. Please

include your daytime telephone number

and address on all

correspondence, and

send to **SPY**,

295 Lafayette Street,

New York, N.Y. 10012,



attention Lisa Auslander. To order by phone, call (212) 925-5509 and ask for Lisa Auslander. All ads will be accepted at the discretion of the publisher.

DEADLINE FOR JULY/AUGUST ISSUE: MAY 19, 1987. THIS TIME ONLY: TWO MONTHS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE IN THIS COMBINED ISSUE.

RATES

CLASSIFIED ADS: \$12.50 per line; \$10 per line for two or more consecutive months. No abbreviations allowed.

PERSONALS: \$10 per line; limited abbreviations accepted. Add \$15 for SPY box number. Mail will be forwarded for eight weeks following publication.

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: \$100 per column inch; \$90 for two or more consecutive months.

YOUTH IS WASTED on the young. So are huge sums of money and lots of perfectly good liquor, as BRUCE HANDY discovered when he toured the

colleges of the dumb rich

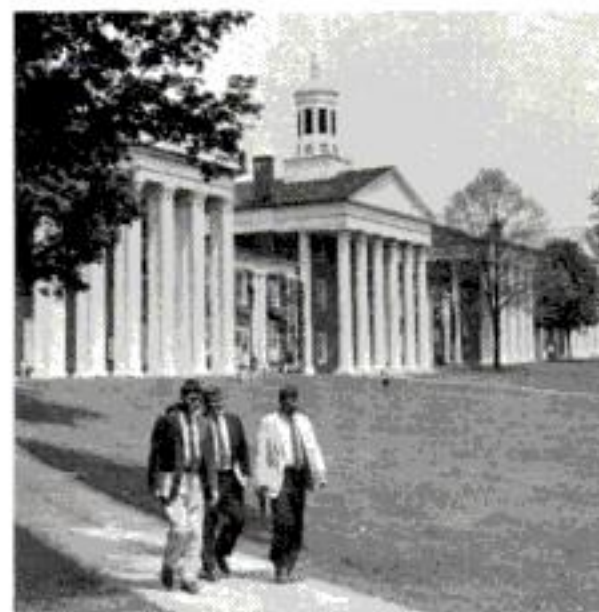
**YOUR
NAME
IS
CHIP.**

Your dad has a great deal of money. You're 17, a senior, and life is good.

Until lately, that is. Since April 15 your mailbox has been presenting you with a steady trickle of not-fat letters from college admissions departments. Even your safety schools are giving you what your classmates jocularly refer to as *the dingski*. Looks like that 410 verbal and the Choate expulsion have become real millstones.

Don't worry. Just because you can't go to a college that considers some semblance of academic ability to be an important part of its admissions requirements doesn't mean that you can't go to a college.

Hello, Denison?



Colleges of the Dumb Rich are about style, not substance or lack thereof. After all, a good education can be ferreted out anywhere, just as, once admitted, anyone can la-di-da his or her way through Harvard (see "Boneheads of the Ivy League," below). Through perseverance and industry, even widget heiresses and Eurofags can learn to piece together pot holders and kitten-

DUMB, RICH AND FAMOUS ALUMNI: **BARD:** Walter Becker* and Donald Fagen, Chevy Chase, Laurie Co

shaped tea cozies, thereby making a useful contribution to society. But we're not talking about the opportunity to broaden one's mind; we're talking about the luxury of not having to.

Some things to look for when selecting a College of the Dumb Rich: First of all, it must have a contrived, collegey-sounding name, one that could pass just as easily for a cemetery, e.g., Pine Manor, or the surname of an unctuous society writer-cartoonist—e.g., (Anthony) Hampden-Sydney. Second, its locale must provide for rigorously nonplebeian extracurricular amusements, such as riding, sailing, skiing and shopping. Most important, by virtue of its exorbitant tuition, it must be a socially exclusive institution—and yet at the same time it must be an academic strumpet, open to just about anyone who can muster the fees.

A narrow definition, but that kind of reductionism is central to the Dumb Rich college experience. Sheltered from the stresses of more intellectually vigorous institutions, aloof from the civic uniformity of state schools, Colleges of the Dumb Rich are free to wallow in the very essence of college-ness, providing their students with all the Ivied trimmings minus the usual downers: lots of theater majors but no cutthroat pre-meds; junior year in Paris but no foreign physics students; spacious on-campus condominiums with pools but no high-rise concrete dorms; hangovers but no Methedrine-induced migraines on mornings after all-nighters—which is to say, no all-nighters. Perhaps as a function of their quintessence, these playpens-with-desks come in sociopolitical extremes: either liberally self-indulgent (see Bennington) or self-indulgently conservative (see Rollins).

Some say that Colleges of the Dumb Rich are becoming a thing of the past. (A few particularly sheltered educators refuse even to acknowledge their existence: "I've never heard of such a thing—I don't even want to think about it," croaked a genteel guidance counselor at Manhattan's exclusive Brearley School.) College tuition has outpaced inflation to such a degree that, according to a guidance counselor at an Upper West Side prep school, "parents are now resistant to the idea of shelling out big bucks so a kid can play around at a dum-dum school, and many such places are hurting. Parents are saying the hell with it and shipping off their less academically inclined kids to state schools." Consequently, some of the colleges have been trying to upgrade their academic standings. "Hampden-Sydney is no longer just a southern men's drinking school," says one hopeful educator. Colleges that don't improve, he continues, "should, and will, die."

We think that's too bad. We think the world needs southern men's drinking schools—and

southern women's horse colleges and artsy-fartsy schools where you can get credit for crying onstage and calling it dance, not to mention ski schools, surf schools and the rest. Shorn of academic imperative, these institutions are the colleges of our myths, the living embodiments of all the _____ States, _____ Techs and Founder's Name Colleges of film and literature. *Look! There's assistant professor Ronald Reagan bicycling through the quad with Bonzo in his basket, stopping to chat with senior honors student Dean Jones (who's sporting a smart letter sweater). Over at Delta House, Bluto Blutarsky is throwing up in a trash can. Sylvia Plath is holding court in the campus coffeehouse, wearing too much mascara and mooning about the Abyss. Coeds model tight sweaters, leaves fall, and the sweet retort of cleats hitting pigskin echoes across the playing fields.* Dumb Rich U is like a national landmark; it must be preserved.

Go ahead, indulge yourself. Take four credits of "Words and Ideas" (mandatory for Denison freshmen) and drink a fifth a day: you know you're only in a holding pattern, waiting for the day you touch down behind that big oak desk in Dad's bank/flour-milling concern/movie studio. Go ahead, spend four years riding, shopping (*Paris!*) and gobbling diuretics: you're earning credit toward that M.R.S. degree. You're young! You're dumb! You're rich! And these are going to be the best years of your life.



SPY has ranked colleges by a precise scientific formula that divides the cost of tuition plus room and board by the student body's average SAT scores, then multiplies the result by 1 over the square root of the number of volumes in the college library (in millions), then multiplies that number by the school's acceptance rate.

$$\left(\frac{\text{COST}}{\text{SAT}} \times \frac{1}{\sqrt{V \text{ (in mil)}}} \times \text{AR} = \text{DRQ}\right)$$

The higher the resulting figure—the Dumb Rich Quotient—the richer, the dumber, the easier-to-get-into the school. Schools that don't require SATs were generously granted an average score of 300 by the SPY Statistics Department (possible scores range from 200 to 800). As an illustration of how the Dumb Rich Quotient works out: Stanford University has a current DRQ of 1, SUNY Purchase rates a 12, Pine Manor a 113.

While DRQ was an important factor in compiling the following top-ten list, these colleges are not necessarily the ones with the highest DRQs. A certain Dumb Rich je ne sais quoi (DRJNSQ) was taken into account as well, because statistics never tell the whole story . . . the human story.



PINE MANOR COLLEGE

Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 113
TUITION: \$8,780
ROOM AND BOARD: \$4,660
AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 410 verbal,
 420 math
ACCEPTANCE RATE: 84 percent
LIBRARY: 58,000 volumes
NICKNAMES: Pine Mattress,
 Whine Manor
ACTIVITIES: Shopping,
 Harvard B-School
 men
ROYALTY: "Sure!"



"I'm, like, not really into talking about Pine Manor at all," says actress Blair (Altered States, Continental Divide) Brown of her alma mater, a two- or four-year women's college near Boston that seems to serve much the same function for the extremely well-to-do as reform schools do for the proletariat. Fortunately, other daughters of Pine Manor were less reticent than Blair about their experiences with higher education. One student (who transferred to Southern Methodist University—see honorable mentions, below) remembers, "The food's really incredible. We had lobster and crab all the time. And after dinner there's room service in the dorms. You can order up cheeseburgers, club sandwiches, whatever." Parents, rest assured: students on financial aid do all the serving, a system that keeps swarthy aliens as far from the dorms as possible.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

Bennington, Vermont

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 77
TUITION: \$12,830
ROOM AND BOARD: \$2,980
AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 513 verbal,
 487 math
ACCEPTANCE RATE: 77 percent
LIBRARY: 100,000 volumes
NICKNAMES: Henri
 Bendelton's,
 Bloomingtondale's
ACTIVITIES: skiing



The most expensive school in the country. Many aspiring mimes. No grades.



BARD COLLEGE

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 71
TUITION: \$11,154
ROOM AND BOARD: \$3,490
AVERAGE SAT SCORES: Not required
ACCEPTANCE RATE: 60 percent
LIBRARY: 170,000 volumes
NICKNAMES: Beardo, Bardsy-Fardsy
ACTIVITIES: Chain-smoking,
 Frisbee

Home of the Immediate Decision Plan, a one-day admissions program, Bard is an unconventional place. "Bard students take a most active role in their educations—that's assumed," says director of admissions Mary Inge Backlund in a tone of voice that says she expects the school to be made fun of anyway. Presumably,



dropouts Chevy Chase and Larry Hagman couldn't withstand the rigors of designing their own dance majors and struggling through such classes as "Songs and Songwriting," in which, explains a current student, "we just sit around and listen to records." (Her active role: she's transferring to NYU.) In fact, Bard is famous for its wayward children—it's the "My Old School" that Steely Dan is never going back to.



STEPHENS COLLEGE

Columbia, Missouri

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 65

TUITION: \$7,100

ROOM AND BOARD: \$3,100

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 403 verbal,
401 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 89 percent

LIBRARY: 120,972 volumes

NICKNAMES: *The Sarah
Lawrence of the
Corn Belt,
Sloppy Stephens*

ACTIVITIES: *riding, semipro
athletes*



A two-year college gone four-year, Stephens is trying to shed its finishing-school image. "There are no feminists running around without bras on here," says a member of the school's public relations department, "but we do have a strong commitment to helping women take their places as leaders." This means that "Stephens Suzies" can prepare for leadership in areas such as modeling and equestrian science. Stephens claims to offer a combination of liberal arts and preprofessional studies, but the bias seems to be swinging toward the latter: no classes are offered in *theories* of modeling, but students do take courses on runway posture and how to interact with an agent.

Stephens lays claim to an odd pair of alumnae: Dawn Wells, known for her portrayal of Mary Ann on *Gilligan's Island*, and Jeane Kirkpatrick, known for her portrayal of a stateswoman.

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

Sweet Briar, Virginia

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 45

TUITION: \$8,400

ROOM AND BOARD: \$2,900

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 470 verbal,
490 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 83 percent

LIBRARY: 190,196 volumes

NICKNAMES: *Sweat Bush,
Slut Briar*

STUDENTS' NICKNAMES: *Rose Thorns,
Briar Bitches,
"roadies"*

ACTIVITIES: *the largest indoor
riding ring in the
country, cow
tipping*

A ccording to at least one alumnus of the University of Virginia, Sweet Briar girls are considered to be just slightly less "prime" than their Hollins sisters (see below). Sweet Briar students still have white-glove fun with such institutions as "step sings" (class serenades) and "tap clubs" (quasi-sororities with posterior-centric names like Ain'ts and Asses, and Bum Chums). Film critic Molly Haskell (Class of '61) describes the popular Ring Game: "A girl would secretly hand her engagement ring to the president of the



senior class. After lunch, the girls would form a circle and pass the ring around so everyone could assess its value and kilowattage. The second time around, it would be claimed by its rightful owner, and there would be whoops and hollers."

HAMPDEN-SYDNEY COLLEGE

Hampden-Sydney, Virginia

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 42

TUITION: \$7,720

ROOM AND BOARD: \$2,820

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 501 verbal,
544 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 78 percent

LIBRARY: 145,070 volumes

NICKNAMES: *Humpty-Dumpty,
Hampton Jitney,
Ol' Ninety Proof,
Mr. Sweet Briar*

ACTIVITIES: *Dumb Rich girls'
schools aplenty*



T his all-male school, one of the few left, is known as the preppiest college in America. And as the alma mater of a host of distinguished current and former senators, Hampden-Sydney can rightfully consider itself a spawning ground for members of Dumb Richdom's pinnacle organization. Is Hampden-Sydney socially exclusive? "That would be an overstatement," says dean of admissions Robert H. Jones. He does admit, however, that the student body is highly conservative. "It's part of the selection process. We're not looking for nontraditional students, and the radical sorts of students don't seem to be interested in us." Maybe they're scared off by the copy of *To Manner Born, To Manners Bred: A Hip-Pocket Guide to Etiquette for the Hampden-Sydney Man* that's given to every freshman. Sample: "Whether or not you subscribe to the doctrine of women's liberation, all women should be treated with respect and courtesy."



HOLLINS COLLEGE

Roanoke, Virginia

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 37

TUITION: \$7,890

ROOM AND BOARD: \$3,400

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 510 verbal,
515 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 80 percent

LIBRARY: 225,000 volumes

NICKNAMES: *Holly Colly,*
Hole-ins, Hole-
in-One

ACTIVITIES: *riding, numerous*
men's schools



CHALLENGE, reads the heading on a Hollins brochure that, with its multitude of color pictures of culotte-clad southern womanhood, could easily be mistaken for a Talbots catalog. "Hollins challenges you. . . . Hollins provides four years of exploring potential, of achieving goals, of preparing for challenge." And according to one alumna, the biggest challenge at this women's college is finding stable space for your horse. Nevertheless, administrator Michelle Bono insists that the college is trying to move away from its charm school heritage. So what is the "Holly Honey" of the eighties interested in? "Men," says Bono, "but academics are high, too." The alumna concurs: "Everyone is looking for a husband there." The brochure adds its two cents, soothing away potential fears of spinsterhood: "Young men from Hampden-Sydney, Washington and Lee, University of Virginia, Roanoke College, Virginia Tech, and Virginia Military Institute all visit Hollins."

SAINT MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

Winooski, Vermont

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 31

TUITION: \$6,874

ROOM AND BOARD: \$2,764

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 470 verbal,
523 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 59 percent

LIBRARY: 140,000 volumes

NICKNAMES: *St. Pauli's,*
Dartmouth Lite

ACTIVITIES: *skiing, doing shots*

The Saint Michael's experience? Manhattan alumni, interviewed at the downtown surfing-theme restaurant Big Kahuna, had this to say:

"They drink a lot up there."

"Everybody skis and drinks a lot."

"There's this big winter carnival where there's this entire field full of kegs and everybody drinks a lot."



ROLLINS COLLEGE

Winter Park, Florida

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 29

TUITION: \$7,991

ROOM AND BOARD: \$2,985

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 470 verbal,
520 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 61 percent

LIBRARY: 216,000 volumes

NICKNAMES: *Ralph, the*
Harvard of the
West of the South

ACTIVITIES: *golf, Disney*
World, Minnesota
Twins spring-
training camp,
Gatorland Zoo



Rollins is rapidly becoming the Stanford of the South," says Fred "Mr." Rogers (Class of '51). But above and beyond its queerly innovative Australian Studies department, Rollins's big draw is "the climate," according to administrator Mike Short. "And we're only five minutes from downtown Orlando." The Rollins student body is "pretty tough to pin down," hedges Short when asked about Lisa Birnbach's rating it the nation's least political. But that's hardly a burning issue compared with the question, *did Mr. Rogers go Greek?* "I was a member of Alpha Phi Lambda," he says, "a local frat that received everybody that nobody else wanted. I liked that, because I always identified with the underdog."



DENISON UNIVERSITY

Granville, Ohio

DUMB RICH QUOTIENT: 28

TUITION: \$8,830

ROOM AND BOARD: \$2,820

AVERAGE SAT SCORES: 500 verbal,
540 math

ACCEPTANCE RATE: 65 percent

LIBRARY: 267,074 volumes

NICKNAMES: *Dentists' Sons,*
Denis the Menace

ACTIVITIES: *Ohio State*
football

Why does Denison insist on calling itself

a university when it has no graduate students? "Muffy [sic] Birnbach got her facts all wrong [in her *College Book*] when she called us Denison College," says an indignant administrator. "We've been a university for around five years now." He goes on to characterize the school, 60 percent of whose boys belong to fraternities, as "work hard, play hard." But others dispute that balance. "Yes, sir, I *would* say it's a party school," divulges an obedient editor at *The Denisonian*. "Yes, that's a valid description," admits another. So: what we want to know is, when did Denison students stop beating their wives?



HONORABLE MENTIONS:



COLBY-SAWYER COLLEGE

New London, New Hampshire **DRQ: 79**
"The Dartmouth Motor Inn"

COLORADO COLLEGE

Colorado Springs, Colorado **DRQ: 21**
"Rossignol College"

DREW UNIVERSITY

Madison, New Jersey **DRQ: 25**
"The Harvard of the West of the South of New Jersey"

LESLEY COLLEGE

Cambridge, Massachusetts **DRQ: 83**
"Looselie"

MANHATTANVILLE COLLEGE

Purchase, New York **DRQ: 31**
"The Country Club," "Manlessville,"
"Manhuntingville"

MOUNT IDA JUNIOR COLLEGE

Newton Centre, Massachusetts **DRQ: 86**
"Mount Nightie"

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE

Ashland, Virginia **DRQ: 43**
"Randy Mac," "McHigher Education"

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE

Bronxville, New York **DRQ: 34**
"The most pleasant open-air sanitorium in New York State"

SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY

Dallas, Texas **DRQ: 13**
"Southern Methodist Club of the National Football Leagues"

TULANE UNIVERSITY

New Orleans, Louisiana **DRQ: 17**
"Alma Mardi Gras"

BONEHEADS OF THE IVY LEAGUE

As anybody who attended one knows, even Colleges of the Smart Rich make room in their ivory towers for a not insignificant number of dullards, nincompoops and thick-necks. Many are the tragic results of limited gene pools caused by multigenerational single-college inbreeding; surnames such as Putnam, Gardner, Cabot, Dwight and Pierpont come to mind. Athletic ability and generous (often foreign) parents with endowment-size bank accounts are responsible for the rest.



Consider these egregious examples of boneheads in eggheads' clothing:

A YALE GRADUATE (Class of '50) who has made a career out of being a Yale graduate suggested in *The New York Times* that AIDS carriers should be tattooed on their buttocks for easy identification.

A PRINCETON GRADUATE (Class of '42) likes to boast of the tiger tattooed on his buttocks; according to his wife, the children used to enjoy touching it.

A FORMER CAPTAIN of the Yale baseball team (Class of '48) claimed, along with Ronald Reagan, that the United States did not trade arms for hostages.

A PRINCETON FRENCH MAJOR (Class of '87) wrote a guide for young girls in which she extolled premarital virginity.

A FORMER EDITOR of the *Harvard Lampoon* (Class of '48) regularly exploits his literary reputation by shilling for a microwave-popcorn company and a firm that sells bagel slicers.

ONE YALE MAN (Class of '81) risked his multimillion-dollar endorsements career and his million-dollar-a-year job in professional baseball by engaging in fistcuffs with a group of redneck policemen.

ONE HARVARD MAN (Class of '54) drove his car off a bridge and then claimed it took him nine hours to find a policeman to help search for his submerged female companion. ☹

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Review of Reviewers, Crime, Eating, 10012, Resident Alien, Television, How to Be a Grown-up



MENTAL CHEWING GUM

by Michèle Bennett

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

HI, GIRLS! DEVOT-
ed readers of this col-
umn will recall what I
think of John "Cruel to
Be Kind" Simon, dra-
ma critic of *New York*
magazine. I think he's horrible. Worse:
he's rude and horrible. In short, he's hor-
ribly rude. But that is almost beside the
point.

My message was that Simon is incapa-
ble of giving even a moderately fair-
minded review to experimental theater
because he is blinkered. Having seen off
Andrei Serban's admired revival of his
Fragments of a Greek Trilogy as "arrant
nonsense," Simon sharpens his poisoned

quill to take on Martha Clarke's *The
Hunger Artist*, and it's obvious from the
outset that he can hardly wait.

"It is a feat more pernicious than *The
Garden of Earthly Delights* or *Vignna:
Lusthaus*," he begins. And he follows
with these sweet words to describe what
he saw, or felt he saw: "wantonly," "arro-
gantly," "cloddishly," "vulgarization,"
"cheap," "cheaper," "gratuitous," "deci-
mated," "bedizened," "distorted," "ob-
trusive," "irrelevant," "inscrutable,"
"pure perversity," "scandal," "sophomor-
ic" and "onanistic shenanigans." In other
words, Simon did not like the play. *New
York* magazine should give the modern
movement in theater a fair shake and
send another critic to review it with a lit-
tle respect for the artists concerned.

From Simon's Pavlovian vituperation
we turn to the forlorn wine critic of *Van-
ity Fair* (who is, of course, not a writer at
all but a geeky academic friend of Tina
Brown's husband, from Duke Universi-
ty). "No one is obliged to take all my ad-
vice," Joel L. Fleishman wrote in his
March column. "But I can't help but
think we would be better off if someone
did." Will someone out there have a heart

and please take Mr. Fleishman's advice?

From the forlorn Fleishman to the robust Ron Powers, daring TV critic of *GQ*. "Shit," he wrote, "has made its verbal debut on mainstream American television. Can the visual ass be far behind?" And just as we were about to consider this roiling issue he added, "Hey, some kind of nice talk this month, right, video fans?" Some kind of cool guy, this Ron Powers, right, video fans?

From the renegade Ron to the brittle Bryan Miller, restaurant critic of *The New York Times*, who was recently even more depressed than the forlorn Fleishman of *Vanity Fair*. "Sometimes," Miller wrote, "I get the feeling that New Yorkers could survive quite adequately without restaurant critics." That's true! Consider the case of *New York's* "Insatiable Critic," Gael Greene, who has spotted a trend. "Isn't there a rule that what goes up must come down?" she asks. "I'm not much of a scholar," she continues gamely, "but I notice it seems to work in physics, economics, and politics." She will be getting to the point shortly... The cost of eating out in Manhattan is coming down!

Now, that is news, as any yuppie will testify. "That's why my pulse is racing over what I hope turns into a trend," Ms. Greene goes on breathlessly. "It's not even quite a murmur yet—the move to slash prices—but with the new income-tax hobble of expense-account dining, it could become a roar." Oh, dear—that's a bit disappointing. "Not even quite a murmur yet," but "could become a roar." It requires what is known as a leap of imagination. Still—where, and what, is this potential "roar" of deflated restaurant prices? "From 10:30 p.m. on [at Chez Louis], you can stop by for just onion soup or an ice-cream sandwich. . . ." At Bud's, "for just \$2.50, a quartet can nibble homemade potato chips with a luscious smoked-salmon dip. . . ." And at Cinco de Mayo, "you could choreograph a merger, a coup d'état, or an illicit affair on the \$8.95 daily special. . . ." Well, I'm not sure about the mergers and coups d'état, but the guy who tries to "choreograph" an illicit affair with me for \$8.95 can go fuck himself.

Speaking of coups d'état, mergers, illicit affairs and trends, there has been some welcome critical revisionism on the subject of Woody Allen's *Radio Days*. "Woody Allen is an aesthetic conservative—a foggy," wrote Pauline Kael in *The*

New Yorker. "Let's face it," wrote man-about-town Michael Musto in *Details*. "If the guy passed wind, the result would be named one of the ten greatest arias of all time." David Denby of *New York* hammered *Radio Days* for, among much else, its "banal hell" of family life and its radio celebrities heading for "an obscurity just as profound as the one blanketing the poor Jewish families of Rockaway."

In turn, poor Denby was reviewed by an outraged reader, who wrote to the Letters page: "Here is a list of some of the profoundly obscure people who grew up in similar banal hells: Arthur Miller, Neil Simon, Danny Kaye, Judy Holliday, Barbara Streisand, Mel Brooks, Jonas Salk, Moss Hart, Sandy Koufax, Alan King, Isaac Asimov, Nobel Prize winners I. I. Rabi, Steven Weinberg, and Richard Feynman, and, oh yes, the most obscure one of all—Woody Allen" (M. Ross, the Bronx).

Ouch! That M. Ross, the Bronx, sure knows his stuff. So, after his fashion, does Jack Anderson, dance critic of the *Times*. "Dancing is not the only form of motion I enjoy," he wrote in that always amusingly confessional column, Critic's Notebook. "I'm also fascinated by public transportation systems, including railroads." (I hear that segue coming, a-coming down the line. . . .) The *Times's* new railroad correspondent then describes how a new book, *The Railway Station: A Social History*, inspired him "to rush to Grand Central Terminal to view the comings and goings in its main concourse as a choreographic spectacle." As a matter of fact, I think I saw him there. He was the aesthetic gentleman taking notes, which turned out as follows: "People crossed the space in straight, curved and diagonal lines, sometimes hurrying, sometimes dawdling. There were changes of direction, sudden pauses and accelerations. And crowds were constantly streaming around the information booth in the center of the space and"—isn't this fascinating?—"ascending and descending the grand staircase."

Anderson at last concludes, "Watching this was surprisingly like watching those 90-minute programs Merce Cunningham calls 'Events.' I even wondered what an Event would be like at Grand Central." And the answer is, it would be like watching those programs Merce Cunningham calls Events.

One knows that pretension isn't unfam-

iliar to dance critics, or dance. When it comes to the magical Suzanne Farrell, however, David Daniel overreached for the superlatives in *Vanity Fair* and made pretension itself seem unpretentious. He compared Balanchine's "inspiring angel" to "the flower of a night-blooming lily"; "a Goya *maja*"; "Beaumarchais and Mozart's Countess, or La Périhole"; "Horowitz playing Scarlatti"; "a Fabergé egg," in addition to which "her icy eroticism lives in *Mozartiana* just as surely as Jenny Lind's sweet brilliance inheres in 'Tu del mio Carlo al seno' and Chopin's *jeu perlé* dexterity in his Andante Spianato." Furthermore, "at home, like Stravinsky, she enjoys playing solitaire." Which was Mr. Daniel's last jeté way over the top. If he goes on like this, he'll have to do a spell at Grand Central with Jack Anderson.

Back in the real world, political columnist Christopher Hitchens turned media critic in *Harper's*: "BLABSCAM: TV's rigged political talk shows." A guest himself on the Blabscam shows, Hitchens quixotically took on such heavyweights as *This Week With David Brinkley*, *The McLaughlin Group* and *Meet the Press*. "In point of fact, these pompous mini-seminars from the nation's capital are an insult in three ways. First, they are indistinguishable in style, supplying three identical brands of audio-visual chewing gum for the vacant mind. Second, they are so arranged as to act as an echo chamber for politicians and a tiny repertory of pundits. Third, they are fixed. Rigged."

"Christopher Hitchens," read the author's biographical note, "a columnist for the *Nation* and the *Times Literary Supplement*, used to appear on television."

But the Note of the Month Award goes to the dear old *Village Voice* and one of its drama critics, the extremely patient Gordon Rogoff, who used a sizable chunk of his short review of *Kvetch* to clear up a mistake he had made in the *Voice* some weeks earlier. "That office gremlin—my editor, this time," he wrote, "returned to work last week. I had been demonstrating Francisco Lorca's excessive faith in Federico's pseudo-poetry, a faith not entirely shared by Federico, and said that 'for him'—meaning Francisco—'musical essences were precisely the source of the plays' power. . . ." All a little clearer now? But Mr. Rogoff continued sublimely. "That wandering 'him' was my undoing. Changed to 'Federico,' instead of

'Francisco' it seemed to mean the brothers felt alike. Probably I deserved the distortion: as in my life, this isn't the first wandering 'him' to get me into trouble."

That's all for now, folks! ③

HOW TO GET CAUGHT

by *Luc Sante*

CRIME

NEARLY EVERYONE who has served time in a federal, state or local maximum-security educational institution has been subjected at least once to the grinding sentiment and unendurable irony of O. Henry's short story "The Cop and the Anthem." You'll recall that it's the one about the old crook who, on a cold winter's night, can't think of anything more appealing than a few days spent in a warm hoosegow, with beans for breakfast and a padded bunk. Try as he might, however, he just can't get himself arrested. Every attempted misdeed accidentally turns into an act of charity or worse.

The story is a rare document of the lengths to which people will go to get themselves collared. It may not come as a shock that citizens might actually want to go to jail, since conditions in prison, horrific though they may be, are still preferable to what many face on the outside. What is surprising is the extreme measures to which prospective jailbirds must often resort to see their wish come true. But this is, after all, a free country, one in which justice is administered impartially and without the use of strings or hidden weights. One can't simply subvert the Constitution or run a large-scale confidence scheme and expect to be brought low. For every two inside traders nabbed, another eight, no more crafty or clever, will continue to run around and reap illicit profits. Experts have speculated that law enforcement might be employing a lottery system, rather like the one used by the Selective Service in the later days of the Vietnam War, in which birthdates

were drawn from a bin. Statistics are being studied to test this possibility.

The desperate must therefore exercise their ingenuity if they hope to get a taste of life in the big house. Most often, though, they fall into the same old traps. The notion of "copycat crimes" is one of the most whiskered of these delusions. The idea is that a well-publicized recent crime will alert the law to its style and method, so that any criminal enterprise repeating such motifs will be swiftly tracked down and broken. But this is seldom the case. Two months ago this column reported on a recent bus theft in Manhattan. Since then buses have been stolen with abandon. The thieves have thrown in all sorts of extra curlicues to attract attention, but to little avail. A hijacker commandeered a New Jersey commuter bus, collected fares and valuables, and then disappeared at 30th Street and Eighth Avenue. Another person stole a Short Line bus from the 42nd Street Port Authority terminal, went on to cause a fatal car crash in Westchester County and has not been seen since. A bus stolen last August in anticipation of the craze was discovered shuttling families of inmates to prison visits in New York State—a blatant advertisement—but the original perpetrators remain unknown. Finally, a certain John Gillespie did manage to get himself arrested for stealing a Transit Authority bus from a Queens Village depot, but only after he allegedly triggered the "hoodlum button," which caused various lights on the vehicle to begin blinking and an EMERGENCY—CALL POLICE legend to flash on the destination sign.

Confession is another avenue for the would-be con to pursue. Unsolved but nationally advertised glamour crimes always attract a legion of folk who will gladly own up to them, but the law has a way of coming up with alibis for them. Too often, these unfortunates have simply not done their homework—have failed to bribe witnesses to swear they were not clearly visible in a bar-and-grill 350 miles from the scene. The Texan drifter Henry Lee Lucas thought to circumvent these difficulties by confessing crimes that he was not suspected of having committed. After his arrest in 1983 on a trifling weapons charge, Lucas sought to raise his profile by admitting to aimless murders in 27 states, eventually reaching an unprecedented high of 600 slayings.

For a time, his plan succeeded brilliantly. Lucas, with his flair for details, was soon a hit with policemen across the country, who showered him with meals, gifts, airplane rides, motel rooms and attention. He became a national figure and was convicted of ten murders. Then difficulties began to appear: Witnesses were being found who placed Lucas far from various killings. In a brilliant move, Lucas suddenly switched gears and took everything back. Soon charges were being dropped in upcoming cases, and then even those charges that resulted in convictions began seeming doubtful. The reversal proved Lucas a master of the form. The notoriety and various travel opportunities did not suddenly peter out but began all over again. The legal maze he created is far from resolved, and it will undoubtedly stand Lucas in good stead for years. Lucas, who acquired his training in criminal celebrity after killing his mother in 1961, remains modest. "I got fed up and tried to commit legal suicide," he says simply, without touting his genius for clogging the legal drain.

For those who wish to be arrested, stupidity can be a boon in disguise. Gobbling narcotics or depressants during the commission of a crime is so nearly foolproof that fools do it all the time. Roberto Macias of Los Angeles, who ingested a number of Valiums during the course of a robbery and then fell asleep, is merely the latest in the string. The pioneers may be two men in Brooklyn who held up a drugstore a few years ago with the express purpose of getting at the shelves; they, too, were found slumbering in the aisles, not having gone near the cash register. In January, Terry Wilson of Orlando, Florida, allegedly robbed a bank by handing a teller a note written on the back of his parole card, and then left the card behind. He was arrested within minutes. Miscreants should be aware, however, that even such blatant measures do not always work. A man in Stockton, California, tried to rob a hamburger stand but forgot to bring the note he had written. He came back a while later with the note, successfully robbed the stand and then left. He has not been caught. A man in Dallas last year held up the same gas station eight times in less than five months. Each time his deed was recorded by videotape cameras. He, too, remains at large.

These men must be heartbroken, hav-

ing invested so much energy in elementary bungling only to wind up as anonymous subjects of dog-bites-man fillers in the tabloids. Something should be done to remedy the situation. Perhaps a penal scholarship fund? Willing patrons should be easy to find in New York's investment banking firms. ☎

FRINGE

FRUIT

by Ann Hodgman

EATING

IT IS CERTAINLY easy to love a fruit when it tastes like candy with frosting on it. About two years ago Sunkist came up with something called Fun Fruits. These are basically jelly beans, but most supermarkets put them next to the produce section so they could soak up the healthful fruit air. Now that Sunkist has decided to coat Fun Fruits in "yogurt"—palm kernel oil, whey, titanium dioxide—they've been rechristened Creme Supremes, and they're much, much better. All fruit should be like this.

Unfortunately, subtle laws prohibit me from eating Creme Supremes in public. So that you'll like me, I have to wince my way through those scary new Martian fruits on the market: kiwifruits, carambolas, cherimoyas, cactus fruit and Japanese pears. I bought one of each last week, and to my secret joy, the checkout clerk had to ask me all of their names. (I told her, "Oh, these are just regular fruits that I always buy.") But the fun stopped there.

Let's get kiwis out of the way first. This should have been done by someone a long time ago; kiwis have been on culinary "Out" lists for about ten years. It hasn't worked, though; they continue to gather dust in grocery stores everywhere. Still, it can't be said too often that these testicular blobs have no taste—just a mild acidity. Texture, yes. The kiwi's texture is strangely like that of a cooked fruit, and the huge number of seeds at its center feel like a mouthful of grain mustard.

California is nonetheless trying to mainstream kiwis. To this end, they've

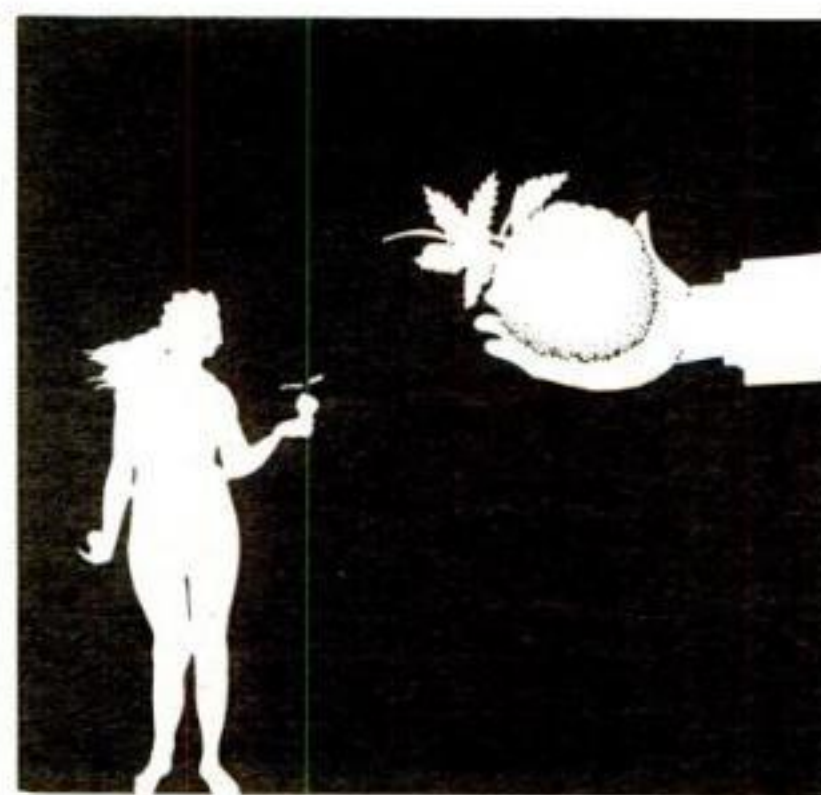
begun taking out full-page ads in which kiwis smirk at more dignified fruits. "Spoon me" (how? I don't even want to *touch* you unless someone sands you first) "or slice me," the ads begin. "You get more vitamin C in a serving than an orange." But it's hard to believe that such a pallidly flavored little thing can have more C than a big, strong orange. The mystery is solved at the bottom of the page. "A serving equals two medium-size kiwifruit." Don't they know everyone reads the fine print these days?

Though the carambola has yet to inspire a media blitz, it's prettier than the kiwi. Prettier when *sliced*, I mean—whole, it's a yellow, fleshy, ridged sea slug. But it turns into actual stars when you cut it up. Very nice (except for the star from which the fruit's lone wood tick of a seed is slyly peeking out), but what are you supposed to do with them? As you chew, you have to exhale constantly through your nose to get even a hint of taste, and the texture is, once again, off-putting—exactly like watermelon pickle. The recipe pamphlet suggests that you can "dress up chicken, tuna, and fruit salads with shimmering star slices," but somehow I don't know that I will.

The cherimoya's opulent texture is perfect, and its faint taste is okay, too—like a perfume melon. But the seeds! They're everywhere, and they're horrible: dark brown, half an inch long, and shaped like little footballs. My three-year-old looked at them and said dreamily, "My dog had seven poops today."

At least you can eat around the seeds in a cherimoya. In a cactus pear you can't—not that there's any reason to. My spirits lifted when I cut into this one: it was a nice bright red, and red fruits are always the best.... No, not all of them. Hard, sharp seeds punctuate the fruit at monotonous eighth-inch intervals, and the flesh is nothing but more cellulose with a hint of sugar and some ascorbic acid.

Moreover, the cactus pear is the rootiest-looking of all the exotics. "In the dry season the natives have learned to dig me up for a few drops of juice," it seems to brag when you look at it. At least the Japanese pear (or, as its distributor calls it, the Japanese 20th Century Crystal Pear) *looks* more hospitable, and the *Times* has, after all, recommended it as a yuppie fruit. True, the *Times* goes on to say that "cutting into one is something like cutting



into a fresh raw potato," but I disagree: Japanese pears are so watery that it's more like cutting into a turnip. The taste is certainly applelike, and pearlike, and then again vaguely like an anonymous berry you'd pick in the yard. You will never go thirsty with a Japanese pear around, but that's the most I can say for it.

In fact, once you have sampled enough new kinds of pulp, you begin to realize that *all* fruit is pretty strange. (Imagine what a banana would seem like at first, or a blueberry.) Juice, membranes, rinds, pits—a fruit is only too eager to remind us that it was once a living thing. But do the new exotics have to be so aggressive about it? If they're going to make us work so hard, why can't they taste better?

I propose all fruits be required to come in *real fruit flavors*. It doesn't seem too much to ask. I'm willing to give the new fruits a chance to prove they can be more than seeds and skin. But if they can't come up with a taste we can turn into a Creme Supreme, get 'em off the shelves. ☎

OVER-THE-COUNTER CULTURE

by John Lombardi

10012

LEST WE FORGET, culture *was* vaporized in 1945, and ever since, national character, like a guy lost in a lobby, has been bumping into strangers—Joseph R. McCarthy, Roy M.

Cohn, Richard M. Nixon. . . . Somewhere along the line, sales—arms, sneakers, Milk Duds—became the Highest Good. Well, you can't have a nation based on sales, can you? Pretty soon you become a department store. Spirit and intelligence get marked down to what merely appear to be spirit and intelligence. How else explain the Roosevelt-to-Reagan devolution? DiMaggio-McEnroe? Huston-Spielberg? Or, to bring it down to West Broadway and the decline in print media, how else explain the current imitations of Dorothy Parker, Hedda Hopper and Damon Runyon by Cynthia Heimel, Michael Musto and Stephen Saban?

I once knew an old editor at *Esquire* who really remembered Dorothy Parker: "Her sadness, the thing that gave her wit its edge, came from realizing she wasn't as smart as she'd hoped to be. . . . She was a gutsy, cosmopolitan woman who had to settle for sophistication." Now get *Village Voice* columnist Cynthia Heimel in *A Girl's Guide to Chaos*, her extravagantly praised play at the American Place Theatre: "I am Dorothy Parker! Everyone knows that!"

Listen to how she's Dorothy Parker: "It's not polite to laugh and point at the penile member"; "If you can't fry it or fuck it, forget it"; "They think they have to write *War and Peace* with their dicks. . . ."

Michael Musto in the *Voice* and Stephen Saban in *Details* (a tumor off the late *Soho Weekly News*) are equally bereft: "Club decor should include holograms of every night crawler in town, so no one would have to go out anymore," squeaked Musto recently. "Natalie McDonald can only be described as a nightmare," Saban honked not too long ago. "No, she can also be described as a joke." Or: "We drove around what I consider upstate [Harlem] and Ralph pointed out points of interest—like where you can hire hitmen, buy dope and other handy locations." In a time of lowered expectations and mass taste, people settle for cheap slick.

On the other hand, the *Voice* and *Details* have a combined circulation of something like 200,000, a wan sliver of whom actually read the mannerist chirpings of Heimel/Musto/Saban regularly. Rather, HMS, like the Sitwells in Bloomsbury, relentlessly promote their friends and one another in a mirthless round of narcissis-

flackery, remarkable for the democratic mediocrity of its decadence: Musto (Sacheverell) discovers a six-foot-six transvestite punk rapper called Dean Johnson and thinks his burblings against "bourgeois" monogamy and "materialistic values" among gays presumably worried about AIDS is revolutionary; Saban (Osbert) goes all the way to Germany with Rudolf (director of the Tunnel) on the cuff, then puts his benefactor down for having bad taste; Heimel (Edith) uses the bones of her affair with a handsome Australian ten years her junior as the lattice



for a number of her flabby Tongue In Chic columns in the *Voice*, and for her unctuous book *But Enough About You* (reworked, along with her earlier book, *Sex Tips for Girls*, by the once serious director Wynn Handman into *A Girl's Guide to Chaos*), but leaves her friend's name out, referring to him mostly as the Kiwi. She also refers to him as "pigheaded male supremacist," "loathsome excrescence" and "pencil dick." (To be fair, she calls herself "cow," "slug" and, though she's 39, "girl" a number of times.) Still, with all media becoming more and more prime-time, editors and producers on the qui vive for neo-hip features publicize HMS continually, and because the collective image bank has overwhelmed collective common sense, their publicity becomes our reality.

What's particularly itchy about this is not what HMS say (M and S are essentially downtown gossip columnists, endlessly detailing who wore what, ate what and sat where—while H's compulsive list making and advice mongering make her more of a consumer affairs reporter, a cool Betty Furness) but what their popularity says about the tradition of Bohemian journalism that spawned them. All

three got their starts in New York at *The Soho Weekly News*, itself a de-construction of the robust traditions of the fifties *Village Voice*, which featured Gilbert Seldes and Norman Mailer and traced its heritage in an unstraight line back to John Reed, Emma Goldman and Stephen Crane. *Soho* was born because the *Voice* had calcified, but alas, it so wanted to be respectable that it mistook its mandate: *Soho* was a commune yearning to be a corporation, rife with coked-out consumerism and an incipient "Sales über Alles" soul.

Prophetically, HMS, the most malignant part of *Soho*, fit right in. The proof? They survived, *Soho* didn't. Well, the times were changing. Anyone who's watched Heimel's progress over the years from *Soho* pasteup girl to *Vogue* and *Playboy* essayist to playwright; seen Musto evolve from blithe young Brooklynite to TV wag; or noted Saban's rise, fall and resurrection from *Soho* Suzy to Fosdick-nosed doorman at AM/PM to *Details* columnist and Susskind interrogee, can chart the declining curve of Bohemian journalism.

The point of Bohemian journalism was to remark on holes in the mass fabric; it was practiced for less money in return for the no-format freedom to say what you really thought in a tone that reflected what you really felt, the only strictures being IQ and coherence. But HMS exist in a nightfall of clubs, drugs and pricey transportation, where the roles of "artist," "actor" and "writer" are devalued and interchangeable; their only Bohemianism is the stylized snarkiness of their reporting, and the fact that as journalists, they get to spend other people's money doing the town. Heimel never tires of scribbling about her co-op and wants "a life directed by George Cukor and scripted by William Goldman," with Ry Cooder doing the score and lots of flattering lighting; she keeps in touch with her male and female feminist pals by "pink princess phone"; she decries sun-dried tomatoes, drugs, the Hamptons, limo-men and their dates, and "fascistic" competitiveness, all yuppie artifacts that make her feel she's being "sucked deeper and deeper into some crazy black whirlpool of the soul." Musto dreams of the fabulous life of a thirties starlet; he likes to suit up in a hoop skirt, shock some straights on the Upper East Side, then cab down to Area and denounce repression; he loves Hei-

nel because "her style was so campy I assumed that she was a hairdresser." Saban plouches through his columns in what he imagines to be the black ennui of a Peter Lorre ("Montaug appeared onstage in a leather mask and was flogged with a small whip by cohostess [Anita] Sarko, who was dressed in a nun's habit"), a manufactured writer who has unwittingly invented a kind of prose Muzak, impacted images of desire and frustration frozen forever in an adolescent aspic. Like the other unhappy members of HMS, Saban looks like a burned-down rocker; he reports on the scene because he probably can't think of anything else to do.

Without a culture to speak of, it's as if the most deeply superficial members of the audience—HMS—had overrun the stage, demanding attention with noisy nihilism passed off as witty journalism. ☛

DIXIE

IN MANHATTAN

by Nancy Lemann



MY THEME IS Southerners, in New York. What are they talking about? (The War Between the States.) Where do they

live? (The Gramercy Park Hotel.) Why do they live there? (It has a piano bar.) What are they doing? (They're coming apart at the seams.)

What does it feel like for a Southerner in New York? It feels Yankeeified. That is the key.

You can always tell a Southerner in New York because (1) he talks slow; (2) he walks slow; (3) he needs carbonation; (4) he calls you Sweetheart, Doll or Precious. I have a Yankee friend (more on him later) who is five years old. The other day he told me that he wouldn't want to be a Southerner. "Why?" I asked, incredulous. "Because then I'd have to call everyone Sweetheart and Precious all the

time," he said. Yankees, I find, are not fond of such endearments—because, I think, they take them to be insincere. No one but a Southerner knows that such endearments are indeed heartfelt. If a Southerner walks into the subway and gets jostled and the jostler says, "Oh, I'm sorry, Honey," the Southerner is stricken with gratitude and falls to pieces. It touches his heart to the *n*th degree. Because someone called him Honey. Because he knows that if he calls someone Honey, it is because he means it. And when he is in the South, someone is going to be calling him Precious every five minutes, whether it is his contact lens salesman, his directory assistance operator, his dental hygienist or his personal assistant.

I think it is true to say that Southerners fall apart more easily than northerners. I recollect, for instance, being on a train from New York to New Orleans, the *Southern Crescent*. In the North the mood among the passengers was strictly business, showing signs of industry and progress. But once we passed the capital and went through green Virginia, a sort of lumbering alcoholic atmosphere became the norm, and everyone seemed to go into crisis. Styles of dress became outmoded and unkempt, as did forms of behavior—particularly in the club car, which was extremely active at all hours once we crossed the Mason-Dixon line. Throughout the afternoon a black woman was singing a kind of jazz love song to a diminutive white man with a black patch over one eye. It was all extremely odd, and later developed into a steaming caldron of Southern hedonist squalor.

I would characterize the atmosphere as smoldering, from the Carolinas through to Mississippi. Then the crowds, of course, dispersed. If there's one thing we don't have in the South, it's hubbub. This is especially noticeable after being in New York. In New York you wait in long lines to go to a movie. In the South you and your date are the only ones at the theater. The old restaurant at the old hotel? Deserted. Post office lines—are you kidding? The streets of the central business district? Deserted. And while in New York you find yourself trapped at six o'clock wondering if you should actually go over to Grand Central to wait in a huge mob for a cab, in the South at that hour there wouldn't be another person on the street, except for one fellow in a seer-

sucker suit, smoking a cigar. Tending his own garden.

This is what I love about the South. You tend your own garden, in your corner of the world—a humble garden humbly tended. There's no opera, no theater; you cannot see the latest films. You have to cultivate your own garden, and this is why, as is well known, Southerners are eccentric—because they have to amuse themselves. There's nothing to do down there, and life in the slow lane is pretty slow. A humble garden humbly tended becomes very great; a nutty garden tended with delusions becomes very nutty. But either way, it actually is very dramatic, although it's all in your mind. That is the key in the South. It's all in your mind. Thus, Southerners favor places in New York that are frequented by few—rather than sophisticated nightclubs. For instance, the 3 Roses Bar on Canal Street, which is frequented only by elderly black men. Or the former Star Cafe on 23rd Street, which was like a bar on the Mississippi Gulf Coast—dilapidated, populated by elderly black men; and they served boiled crabs on trays.

So on the *Southern Crescent*—from Hattiesburg to New Orleans, what few remained on the sweltering train sank into a more elegiac mode as we crossed Lake Pontchartrain into the Tropic Zone. Southerners are definitely more elegiac than northerners.

You can always tell a Southerner walking down the street because he will be walking more slowly than the others, because he is transfixed by ancient sorrows. (The War Between the States.) I remember the day I left New Orleans for New York. My old friend George took me to the Confederate Museum. Only a Southerner would spend Saturday afternoon at a Civil War museum. Up north they don't even have Civil War museums. Defeat hangs longer in the mind.

George had memorized General Lee's farewell address to his soldiers. This he did when he was but a boy. I can just see him delivering it to the ladies at the Lorelei Hotel when he was but a boy: "After four years of arduous service..."

I taught the five-year-old Yankee boy about the Civil War. I pointed out the Mason-Dixon line on the map. I must say, he was riveted throughout the lesson on the South.

"What divides the North and the

South?" I asked him, using the Socratic method.

"England?"

"Okay, buddy, it's called the Mason-Dixon line, remember? Now, what is the difference between the northerners and the Southerners?"

"The Southerners are more romantic."

"Correct!"

In truth, a northerner is a romantic masquerading as a cynic, and a Southerner is the reverse. This is why, according to one brainy Southern writer living in New York, when you have a Yankee and three Southerners in a room and the Yankee tries to say something sanguine, the Southerners will never let him hear the end of it. The Southerners will say that life is like a rotting corpse. If they sound like the Grim Reaper to you, just remember, to a Southerner they sound like Harebrained Optimists.

And if you find yourself next to a Southerner in New York, the conversation is likely to run like this:

"I was born on Tobacco Road in Georgia," he will begin melodramatically at the bar.

"You were? Isn't that a book?"

"And my grandfather was scalded to death in a sugar vat at Belle Helene."

"He was? You mean he fell inside, or what?"

"Aunt Delta saved his life."

"She did? I thought you said he died." (Etc.)

Then he will describe how 28 people came to visit him the night he left for New York. Then, wearing his seersucker suit and white bucks, and perhaps a safari helmet with mosquito netting, he'll make a tragic exit off into the night. ☹

COURT JESTING

by Michael Sorkin



B. Keene (*Divorce Court*, 4:00 p.m., CBS),

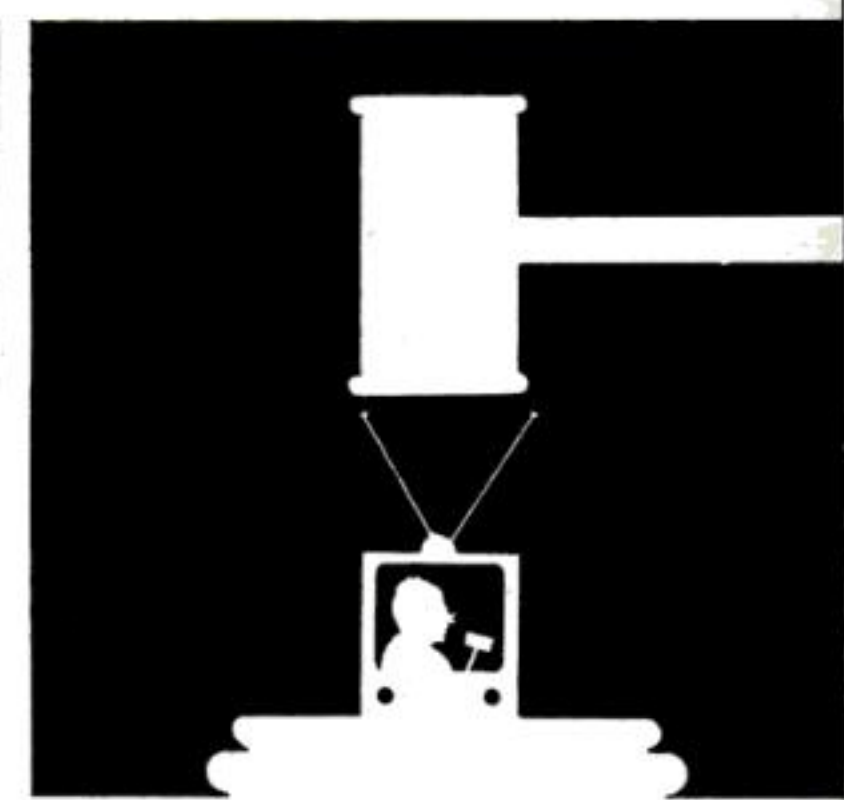
TV HAS GOTTEN awfully judgmental. There's Judge Joseph A. Wapner (*The People's Court*, 9:00 a.m., NBC), Judge William

Judge William D. Burns Jr. (*Superior Court*, 4:30 p.m., CBS), Judge Harold T. Stone (*Night Court*, Thursdays at 9:30 p.m., NBC) and Judge Robert J. Franklin (*The Judge*, 9:30 a.m., CBS). Not to mention the judges on *L.A. Law*, the one from the Baby M case, scary Justice Rehnquist, and is it Hardcastle or McCormick? Why is adjudicating so central, so present? What's with this?

Consider the list above. Each show has some little totem to connect it to the real world: ex-judge, practicing attorney, real middle initial, real case, actual outcome. To begin, who's really a judge? Rehnquist, alas. Obviously, the judge from Baby M. But what about Wapner? He used to be a California judge, and, as any fool can see, he's still judging, never mind the parenthetical "retired" in the credits. Judge Keene is likewise an ex-California judge, and Judge Burns is a judge pro tempore (that is, a substitute judge). But are their judgments real? The judging is clearly unreal on *Night Court*, where the judge is played by a comedian named Harry Anderson. (But then, Judge Franklin is played by an actor, too.) To be sure, Wapner cracks jokes, however seldom. Rehnquist never jokes—not in public, at any rate. It would be boorish to segue into shtick when you've just denied the appeal of some hapless slob through whom the state of Florida is bent on sending 2,000 volts. Perhaps he jokes in chambers.

If demeanor doesn't exactly differentiate real from unreal, there's always power, the results of judging. We've already covered Rehnquist. When Wapner makes a decision, someone always gets paid. Of course, the payment comes out of a fund the producers have set aside for this purpose, so the loser doesn't really lose anything. In fact, the loser also gets paid, but less—just like a game show. On *Divorce Court*, *Superior Court*, *Night Court* and *The Judge* there's also payment, but since the plaintiffs and defendants are actors, they get paid scale at the very least. Nobody actually seems to lose money in court on TV. Truth without consequences.

Now let's get down to cases. Except for *Night Court*, which is burlesque, they're all real. "What you are witnessing is real," proclaims the crawl at the top of *The People's Court*. *Divorce Court* is a dramatization based on "actual cases," argued by actual attorneys who don't know the ac-



tual outcome until Judge Keene delivers the verdict. (One imagines that Judge Keene has consulted the court records of these actual cases beforehand and presumably, if he's been able to read them all the way through, has gotten at least a whiff of an idea of who will win.) At the beginning of *Superior Court*, a stern voice assures viewers that although the case about to be witnessed is real, "names and certain incidents have been changed to protect the innocent . . . and the guilty." And according to the confusing disclaimer that closes the show, "the outcome is real," although everything leading up to it is staged and the characters presented are fictional. There is, however, a juridical bonus here: the audience votes before Judge Burns delivers the verdict. Most of the time the audience gets it right—although *its* verdict has no effect on the judge's decision. (This is the closest thing to a jury trial you can get on TV. Twelve angry men would have to be paid scale, too, after all.)

At the end of each case on *The People's Court*, "court reporter" Doug Llewelyn stands, like some actual happy news nimbrod, outside the court and holds actual interviews with the actual litigants. *Guess you won't be letting Fifi pee on too many more of Mr. Nasser's begonias, will you?*, he asks some smirking teen in his superior Orange County tone.

Is all this really for real? What about the hushed voice on *Superior Court* announcing that "while Mr. Shaughnessy leaves the stand we have time for a short break," as if the voice-over might really disturb? On the other hand, sometimes the commercial that follows is for Jacoby & Meyers or "Dial L-A-W-Y-E-R-S," which does help in the seamlessness department.

The Judge opens with a sequence showing Judge Franklin (an actor named Robert Shields) leaving for work. He describes himself in a voice-over ("I pray each day that God will give me the wisdom to temper justice with mercy . . .") as the camera pans the mantelpiece (photos of himself in youthful mortarboard and Army uniform), scans the house (sumptuous, airy, American) and the yard (endless, verdant, with attractive extended family at play in bright sunshine) and finishes on the judge driving off (flashy navy-blue Lincoln) to a hard day on the bench. Judge Franklin judges in family court, Solomonically tithing an extra fifty dollars in child support to persons less attractive than himself.

But let us not judge the judges too harshly. Remember: this is *television*. Have you seen the self-advertisements that John Johnson, New York's most phlegmatic anchor, has been doing on WABC? We see him taking phone, getting a hot tip. Rushing to a meeting with a recalcitrant informant. Asking a tough question at a news conference, eliciting a nervous, evasive answer. Broadcasting the scoop. Is this real? Johnson's an actual reporter, sort of. And he's certainly acting reporterish. But is there a soul so dim as to mistake this shuck for reality? Did anyone think Pat Harper was really experiencing homelessness? What we have here is TV reality, a metaphysical condition grounded on a single precept: everything's real on TV. *I'm a reporter because I play one on TV.*

Such assertions belong to the branch of philosophy known as epistemology, the inquiry into the way in which we know things. Judge shows are parables of knowing. What they collectively prove is that no judgment makes any real difference. The point is simply to choose something. What's behind the curtain, for example, or the letter *F*. Consumerism, after all, is sustained by the innumerable-ness of the objects in its field. This is called pluralism. Those black-robed judges on TV are living commercials for choosing, as important as last year's immortal "Having a choice" Wendy's ads, with their delicious equation of pickles and democracy. Judge Wapner may come from California, but he presides under the Real Seal. And remind me: is it Whizzer White who sits on the Supreme Court? Or Vanna? ☺

OLD ENOUGH TO BE...

by Ellis Weiner

HOW TO
BE A
GROWN-
UP

IF YOU'RE LIKE me, then the mere sight of Harry Hamlin ("Michael Kuzak") on *L.A. Law* puts you in mind of the time, in the early eighties, when Hamlin played Perseus in the Ray Harryhausen stop-action-animated spectacular motion picture *Clash of the Titans*. You saw this Harryhausen-Harry Hamlin cavalcade of harrys on a double bill with another movie, the title of which you can't quite remember. And you don't mind admitting that you take a certain smug satisfaction when recalling that evening; after all, it was on that occasion that you and your girlfriend (now your wife) managed to see two movies and eat dinner for less than \$10. No, not per person—total.

True, the movies were a cheap early-bird ticket at one of the second-run theaters in L.A., and dinner meant, per person, a couple of marginally edible hot dogs and a can of truly execrable Mintz (if that was its name) soda, under the dreary fluorescent lights at Pink's, a hot dog stand for some reason beloved by Angelinos, most of whom have probably never eaten there. Mintz, Pink's, *Clash of the Titans*: date-as-kitsch. Still: \$10 for a night on what in L.A. passes for the town, including a chance to witness what will probably be the only occasion in which Michael Kuzak will costar with the-greatest-actor-of-his-generation, Laurence Olivier.

Today, of course, it is impossible to get out of bed without paying someone at least \$35, and the weekly sight of cleft-chinned H.H. evokes thoughts, at least in my mind, like *Since when are they making lawyer shows about people my age?* After all, Raymond Burr was never my age (but then, like all true stars, he was never anybody's age. Burr was born weighing 200 pounds, in a blue serge suit, murmuring, "Della, get me Paul Drake on the

phone.") Even Robert Reed, then-youthful costar of the greatest lawyer show of them all (*The Defenders*), was a good dozen years my senior when he and E.G. Marshall were bellying up to the bar.

It is perfectly acceptable for a guy like Harry Hamlin—a guy my age—to tame Pegasus, slay Medusa and, if I remember my Greek mythology, chase the Klingons out of Oz. But shouldn't lawyers, on TV and otherwise, be older than I am? Yes, and so should doctors—yet look at how many doctors are, in fact, my own age or, disgracefully, younger. I actually went to high school with people who today are doctors. A kid I remember from seventh-grade science class turns out to be "noted Princeton physicist Edward Witten." I can recall watching Dave Wohl hit jump shots for Penn when I was there as an undergrad; now he's on the Nets—as *head coach*.

Of course, none of this holds for people in their twenties. For people in their twenties, all is potential, promise and the smirky little ego kick one gets from being the youngest in the office, at the firm, on the staff. All of which is well and good, with this one qualification: I'm not ready for people in their twenties to consist of those smart-alecky, oh-so-pragmatic kids who in fact are *currently* in their twenties. People in their twenties are supposed to be me, and my friends and associates. Except that my friends are no longer associates; they're partners, while the associates are, almost without exception, people in their twenties.

These realizations—that the passing of time is a fait accompli; that as one ages one is pursued by an inexorably expanding posse of younger people; that institutionalized roles in society, formerly the domain of the indisputably grown-up, are now the domain of one's peers—these have the existential impact of those moments in a fun-house ride when a light flashes on above your car and you see in a sudden glimpse that you are heading for a mirror. You half expected it, and you can see how crude the mechanism is. The sight is nothing more than your own mundane face, slightly drawn and wary. But it still leaves you a little shaken.

My father, like all fathers, once said, "You know you're getting old when the cops start looking younger than you." I take his point, but on second thought I give it back: cops, to me, are like soldiers,

and the whole point of soldiers is that they be touchingly boyish, dewy and youthful and doomed to a tragically premature extinction, while the prune-faced windbags in Congress and the White House who sent them to their deaths live on for decades, drinking and whoring and gassing on about the lessons of whatever mismanaged conflict killed those kids.

No, it's professional athletes who should never be younger than you are. Yet, increasingly, they are—great grimacing bruisers with seamed faces and anthracite beards turn out to be 24. Worse—they always were. Lenny Moore and Gino Marchetti and Gene "Big Daddy" Lipscomb, and all the other mammoth titans that clashed for the then Baltimore Colts when I was a boy, were probably 24, or 27, or 30 at the time. They were certainly not 36. But if you're like me, you are. You are therefore older than most of your editors, the same age as most of the partners on *L.A. Law*, and officially not worth pandering to by the companies who advertise in general-interest magazines, for whom the sacred age range has apparently been shrunk recently.

This has nothing to do with being a grown-up. Indeed, it is the grown-up's special skill to be able to take all of this like a man, smiling that certain smile of well-adjusted equanimity at the realization that he will one day soon lose the rest of his hair and keel over dead. For those not so blessed, this has to do with being a grown-old. Not *old* old yet, but older than just about everybody on both NBA all-star teams, with perhaps the single exception of the notoriously decrepit Kareem Abdul-Jabbar.

I used to snicker (if only mentally) at the pious mention, usually in ringing, empty political speeches, of "our children's children." Now I have a child. If we have another, I'll have children. I feel, watching these milestones arrive, semi-exorably, one after another, like Macbeth witnessing the three witches' prophecies coming true, piece by piece, until Macduff cuts his head off. The day one of my children has a child, I'll have children's children.

And I'm not ready for that. I'm sorry. Maybe it's because of my career, or because I'm afraid of responsibility, or maybe I'm just plain selfish, honey, but I'm simply not ready yet to have children's children. ☹

Party

GETUPS . . . At a party celebrating Fendi perfume ("a provocative harmony of the feminine, the neo classic and the modern," says the press release), toothy fashion beginner Carolyne Roehm (left) wears the new Empire-waisted, bell-shaped, breast-binding, baby-doll, faux-maternity, fun-house-mirror, Bazooka Joe bubble dress. What better way to show off knobby knees and bony shoulders? Husband Henry Kravis, the miniature leveraged-buyout king, stands by proudly.

. . . AND GO *Good Housekeeping's* Mimi Kazon wears a versatile and provocative Twister game-cum-sweater (center).



HOMAGE TO UNITED VAN LINES At Christie's benefit auction for Martha Graham's school in Florence, artist Vanessa James (above right) does latex one better in a foam-rubber evening gown that's as carefree as it is comfy—at the end of the evening, hose her down and she's good as new!

DID THEY TURN UP THE HEAT AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S? Left, from left to right: Liza Minnelli, Martha Graham and Mikhail Baryshnikov. Below: Singer-dancer-tigress-survivor Joey Heatherton, back on top.



Poop



BRATS REVISITED:

ON THE ROAD WITH A
PACK OF AGING PARTY
ANIMALS

by Sharon Rosenthal

To the sons and daughters of the ladies who lunch, to the Babses and Busters taught that another year is another pearl on a Mikimoto necklace, Toby Beavers is a big deal. What makes him a big deal is the haven his Surf Club, on East 91st Street, provides against New York's crasseux. And so no wonder 50 or so adoring New York disciples risked mixing not just with riffraff, but with—ugh!—Cuban riffraff in Miami Beach, to help Toby celebrate his 33rd birthday.

Whether Beavers fully appreciated the loyalty of his sycophants is another matter. "We should've brought some stars down—like Jagger," he



At OVO Nightclub in Miami Beach, a chintz-upholstered cigarette girl and Charo impersonator fends off the unctuous advances of layabout birthday boy Toby Beavers.

whined within hours of unpacking.

If he was cranky, consider the trouble he's seen:

- A quirky provision in his late father's will left Daddy Beavers's Fifth Avenue apartment to sons Nick, Wick, Toby and Angus on a rotating, four-years-apiece basis. And so, early last year, Toby was forced to evacuate the scene of such past birthday festivities. Which is why he had come to celebrate himself in Miami Beach.

- Last fall, he checked into the Betty Ford Center for a three-week crash

course in drug and alcohol abuse.

- And—as if all that weren't enough—there was his recent trip to Hollywood, where it seems that no one knew who Toby Beavers was.



But we digress. By the time their plane touched down in Miami on Friday night, the Surf Clubbers knew they'd pretty much be left to their own devices, at least until the actual birthday party the following evening. Being forewarned proved useful, inasmuch as Beavers kept disappearing for hours on end. One minute he'd be right there, sipping wine at the hotel's bar alongside Cornelia and Guy and Liecie and Jeremy and Wendi and Woody, and the next minute . . . no Toby.

"Toby's such a fun person, and his club is one of the few forums for our kind of people," someone would invariably say on these occasions.

"Yes," someone else would add, "but you know, I think he's happiest when he's home watching a PBS nature series."

Still, Beavers's disappearances did test the mettle of one or two revelers. "When he came back from Betty Ford's, he had enough people tempting him," sighed Pam Taylor, who is 30 and whose "one and only date" with Toby five years ago consisted of cruising Mount Vernon College for other women. "But he doesn't need his closest friends harping on it. He doesn't need me saying, 'Toby, you don't need that drink.'"



Eventually, though, he would resurface, wearing a lipstick-stained shirt and sprouting tales enthralling enough to stop even 30-year-old Doug Dechert, the hipster of his crowd, from going on and on about the ACLU being "a leftist organization" and how anxious he was to promote a contra aid benefit. During the

course of one such extended absence, for example, Beavers

- insulted Andy Gibb, the Bee Gee sibling, at a local club by asking the shortish singer if he was standing in a hole

- beat a hasty retreat from another establishment after patrons took exception to off-color remarks he'd made to a waitress

- announced to no one in particular that his favorite word was *wanker*. "I love everything it stands for."

After the giggling over these tales died down, Taylor and others would attempt to blame the more extreme of Toby's behavior on fellow carouser Joey Cinque. Short, loud, Italian and 50-ish, Joey Cinque likes to roar, "As far as work goes, Toby does nothing, and he does it very well!" Or: "Toby—your mother's a whore!"

Cinque is said to be kept around by Toby for "entertainment value." Cinque himself disputes this explanation of his presence in the Beavers entourage. Instead, he claims, Beavers believes that Cinque is his insurance policy against "trouble with the mob" at both Beavers's Surf Club and his Zulu Lounge. (Joey was once shot three times in the back, and has the scars to prove it.)

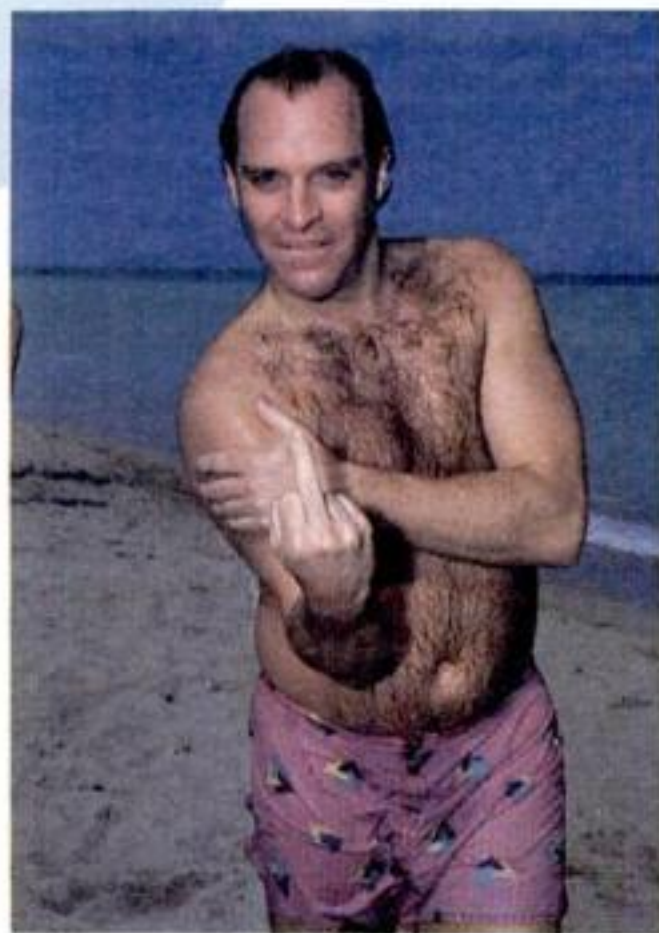


Although the invitations had specified a "twenties decadence" theme for the Saturday-night party, the celebrants who forsook their SARATOGA POLO and WESTHAMPTON RUGBY CLUB T-shirts to gather poolside were short on flapper costumes and long on blue blazers. As one 30-ish cou-

ple danced to a calypso version of "Under the Boardwalk," the male half could be heard cooing into his date's pearl-studded ear, "I grew up with Toby—we used to live together."

"I lived with Toby one summer," she replied, "and didn't know it."

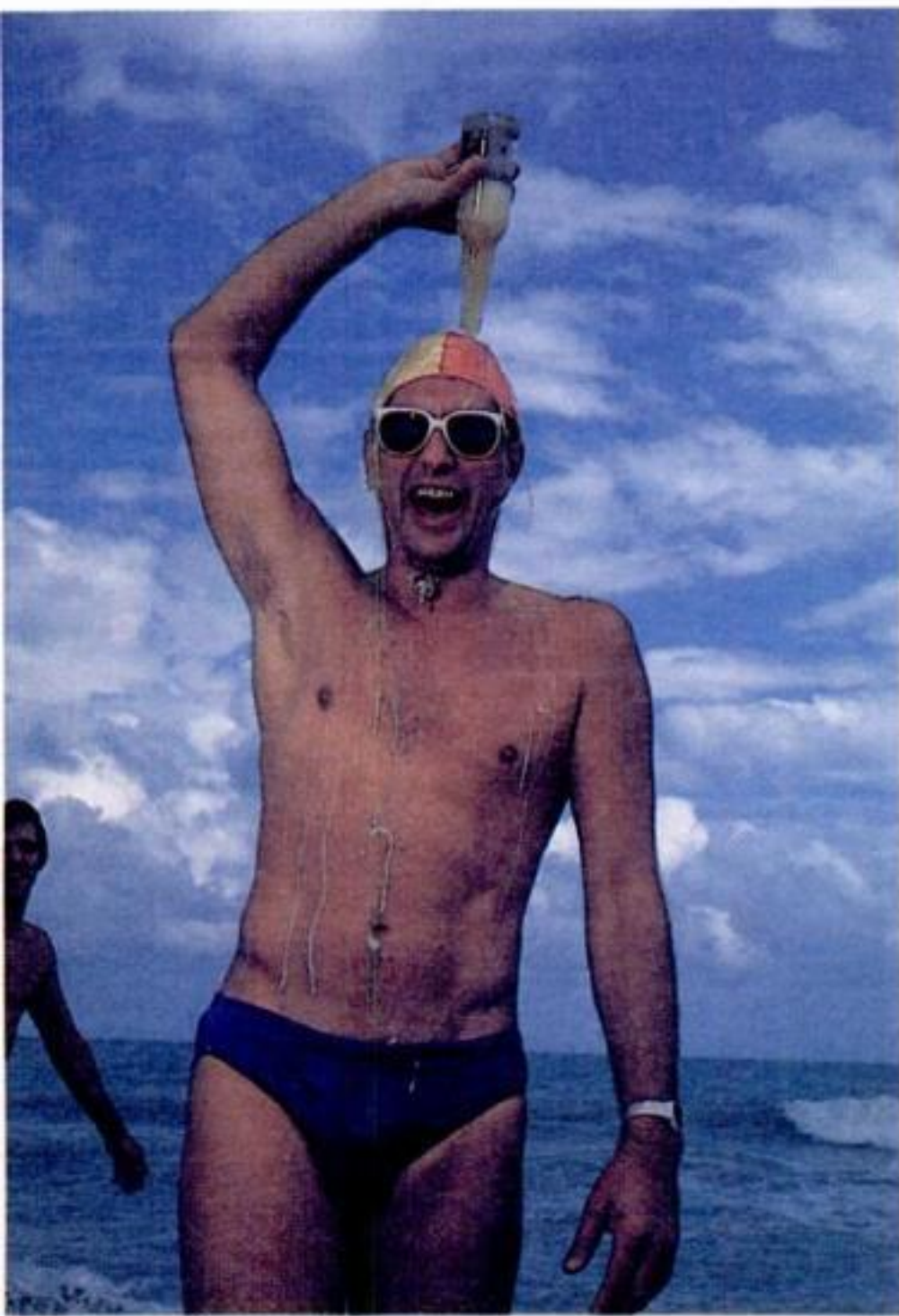
Meanwhile Beavers, who'd arrived late, was



Toby: "Does this mean I'm a royal asshole?"

busy being crowned with a silver-and-blue cardboard coronet. "Does this mean I'm a royal asshole?" he asked. By 11:00 p.m. the action had moved a few blocks away to a disco named OVO Nightclub—or Club OVA, as Toby and Joey insisted on calling it. Again and again. Around 1:00 a.m. Beavers decamped for parts unknown one last time. And sometime later 32-year-old Peter Zwack, a blond U.S. Army captain who dabbles in his family's liquor firm, declared that "Church's shoes are indestructible" as he trudged through a puddle en route to the bathroom.

Naturally, no matter how they passed the hours, the Surf Clubbers had more tact than to ask Toby whether he was following his Betty Ford regimen—whether he was, indeed, staying clean. "Sure, I showered," he said before going off to see a man about opening a Miami Beach branch of the Surf Club. ☹



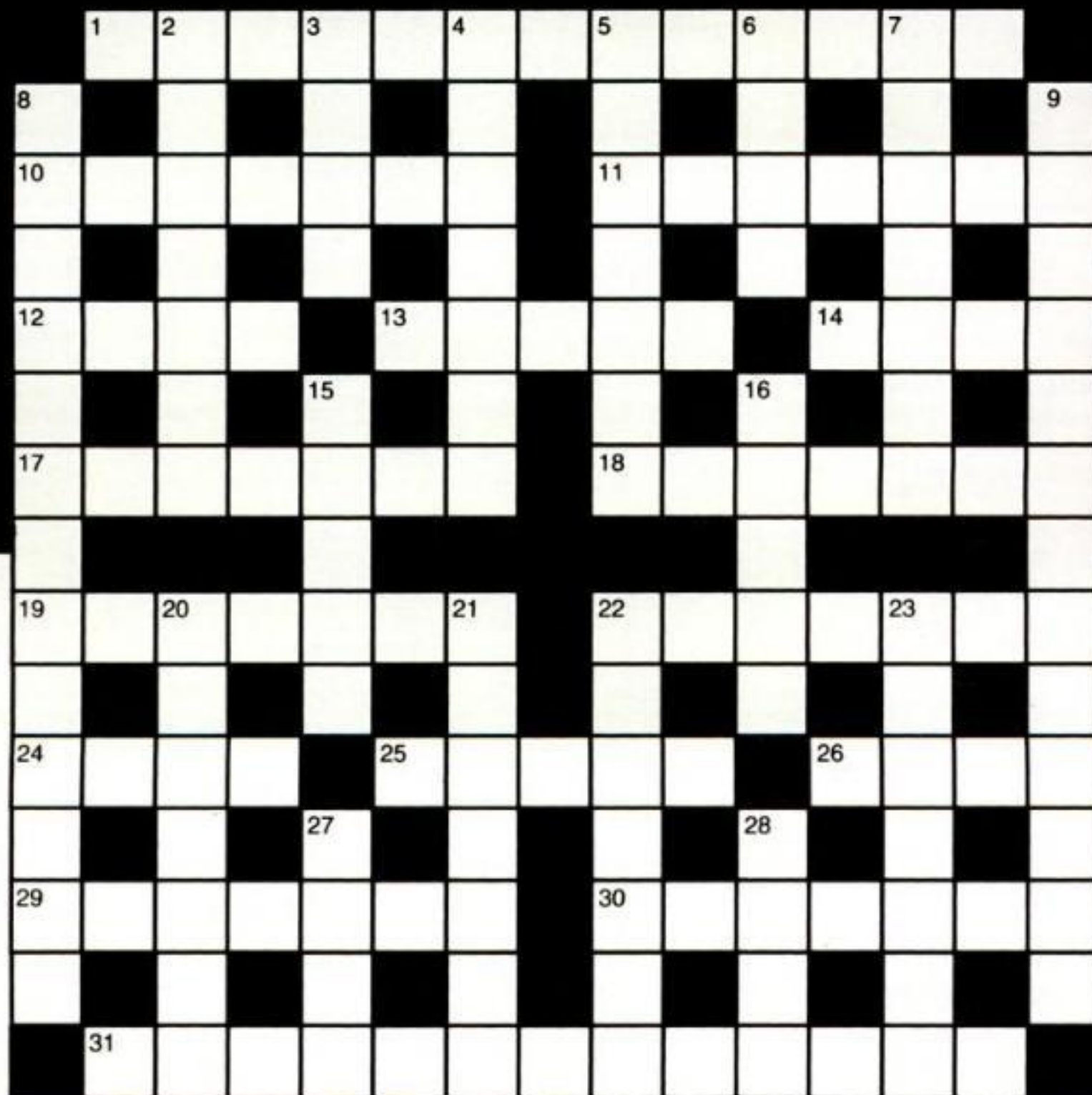
Michael McKay cavorting embarrassingly

POOP



THE UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



ACROSS

1. Feathered inventor, wobbly leveler. (George? Arlo? Soy sauce?) (4,9).

10. Papa in Cuba gargled Sterno after vitamin (7).

11. Sooners baffled great offense (no sense of it in the eighties) (7).

12. To poetic composer of this: orgasm out of place without black leadership (4).

13. Tonto's ride *would* explode (5).

14. Approve Canuck question with historic label (4).

17. Actor put this honest man where modern makes him turn over (7).

18. Comeback of backward tribe in factor of blood (7).

19. Whirlybird? A hundred, Dennis (7).

22. Sad, easy, crazy, analyzed (7).

24. Hopeless type turned about in North Dakota (4).

25. A half a train leads to German health, it's said when soul leaves body (5).

26. Type of rich lie sloppily about defense (4).

29. Chimney cleaner, pursued by each sailorman's ward (7).

30. Irish wing? So you say (7).

31. A.M., but not in Latin (5,8).

DOWN

2. Jerk with French style in South Dakota (7).

3. Eighty-six French writer sans publicity (4).

4. Top book climbs to what man cannot express (7).

5. Cock Robin's wee pal disturbed others (7).

6. When they 3 you, you're on a new 3-wild horseless Dixie (4).

7. Southern conversationalist will dog your steps (7).

8. Wrong miser embraces barman the right way (13).

9. Postprandial Bostonian windbreaker (2,3,3,5).

15. Leathernecks stiff, lacking energy (5).

16. To a degree, we objectively (note below) do the wrong thing with drugs (5).

20. "We are not amused, if we do say so _____" —Queen Victoria (7).

21. Take over again, in the matter of one eaten by bivalve (7).

22. One bad hombre with wild gonad surrounding pair of them (oo!) (1, 2-4).

23. Oy! Dishy subconscious a mess (7).

27. Hammett hero, that is, young Ron Howard (4).

28. Polish bird (4).

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I'll tell you what a big, broad, generous-hearted American puzzle this is. It has both Dakotas in it, and some of the clues give the answer three different ways. Now! All of you who have been waiting your entire lives for Gyro Gearloose to pop up in a crossword puzzle, raise your hands. One, two, three.... Is your hand up, you with the bangs, or are you just using it to flip your bangs? It's fine, it looks nice when you flip your bangs. I just want to know, one way or the other.

—R.B.

1. Come on. You got Gyro Gearloose, didn't you? Feathered inventor. You thought it was Daedalus? Come on. Gyro Gearloose was Donald Duck's cousin or something. Anyway, a close friend. Maybe Gladstone Gander was the cousin. No, he was the rival who kept beating his time with Daisy. A gyro's a leveler, something with a gear loose is wobbly. And, if you make a sauce, judiciously, out of *George, Arlo and soy*.... Three different ways! You there, in the back. If she wants her bangs flipped, she'll flip them herself.

11. I don't want to hear any "too many sports references" whimpers. The Sooners are OU, and everybody cultured knows it. Another example of three different ways!

12. Okay, you're right. There *is* something insufferable about the composer of a puzzle working his own name into it. So start your own puzzle. *Unto* is a poetic form of *to*. As for the rest, it is taking this composer's name and shifting letters around (and does not represent this composer's politics, at least not now, in the eighties). Orgasm is (the big) *O*, right? And *bl* is the abbreviation for *black* at the track.

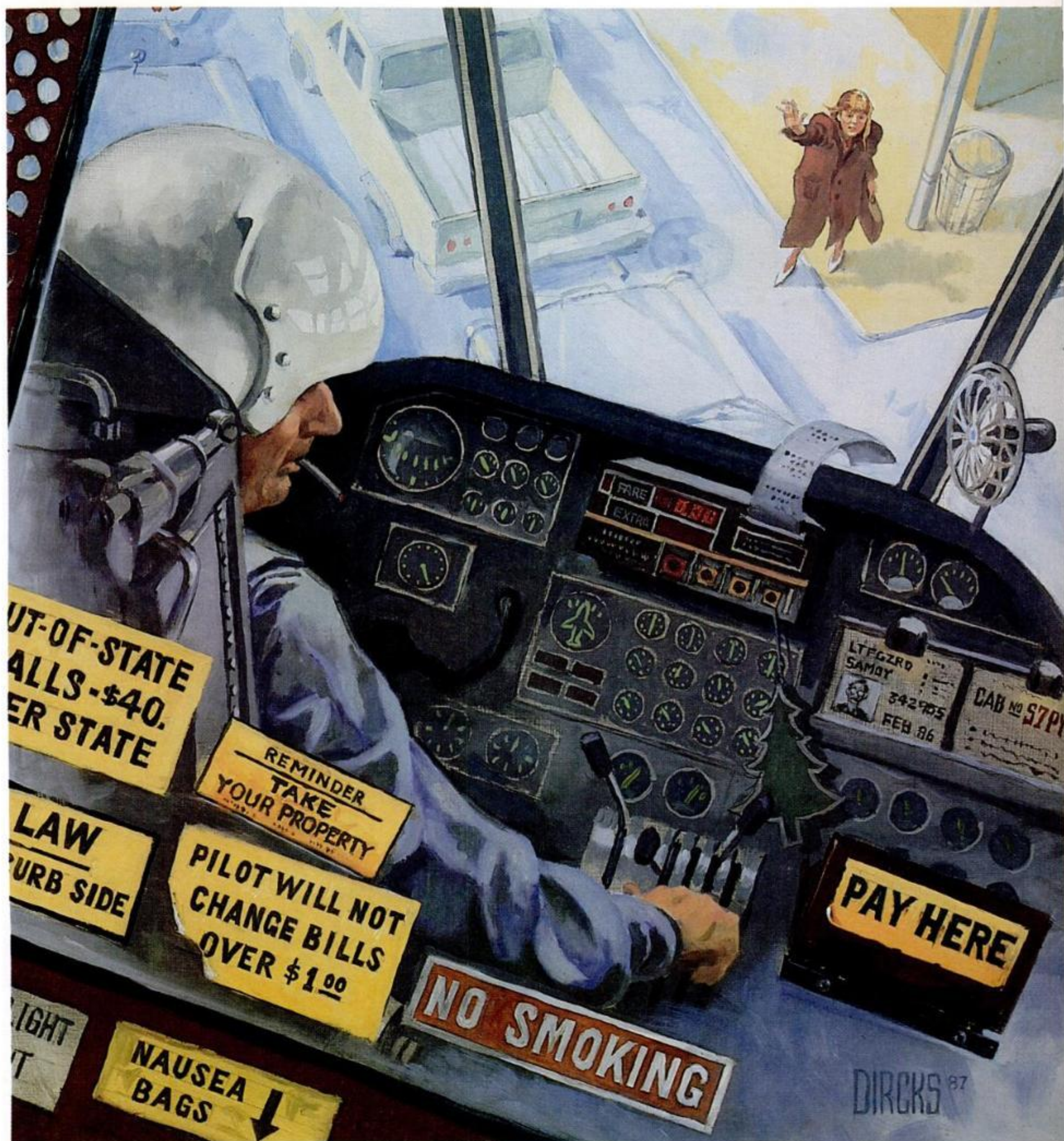
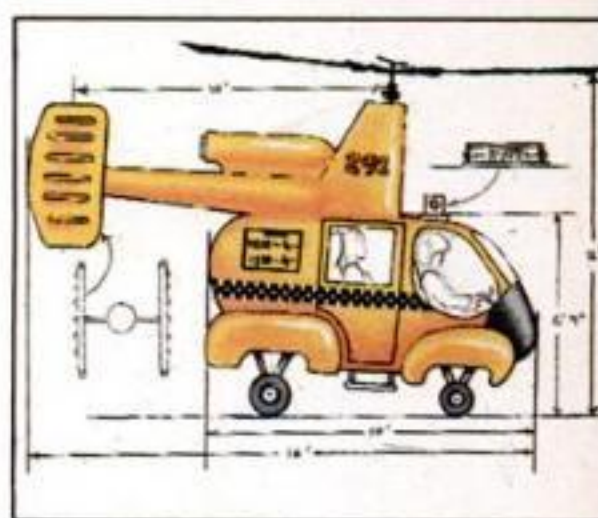


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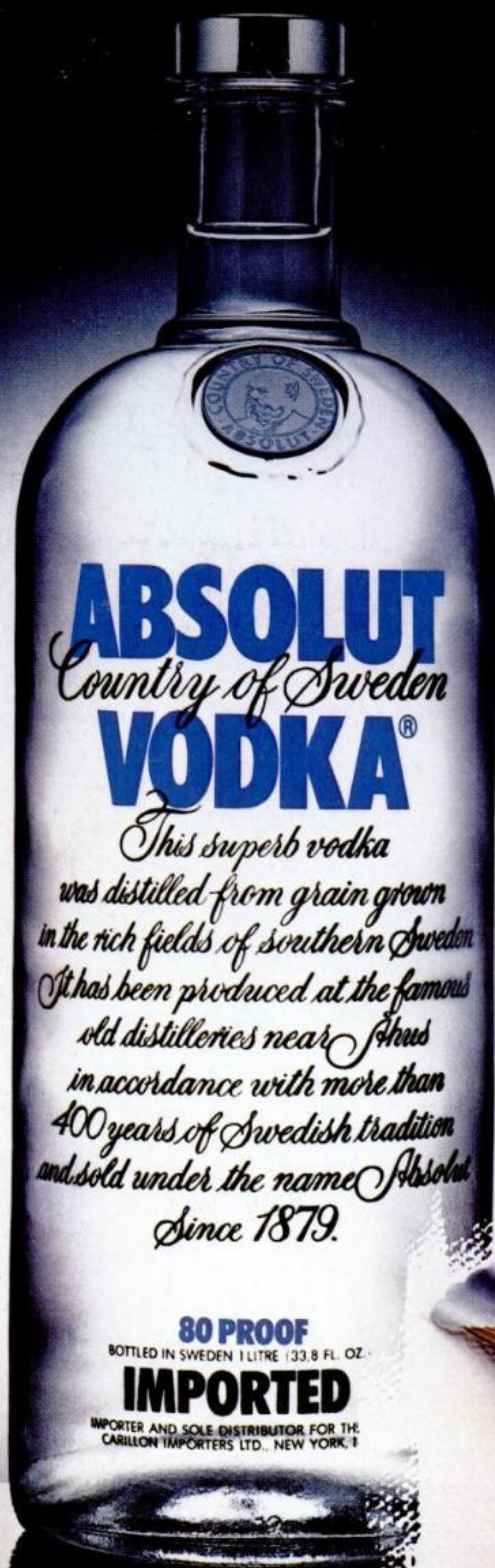


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